

From Jerrold's Magazine.

MARRIAGE, REAL AND NOMINAL.

"WHAT a beautiful woman Mrs. H. is! There is something quite noble-looking in those calm, regular features of hers; and their expression is as sweet and gentle as one can imagine that of Wordsworth's—

'Perfect woman, nobly planned.'"

"I agree with you. Mrs. H.'s face is beautiful in form and outline, and, as you say, sweet and gentle in its expression; but I must say it does not fulfil my ideal (to use the modern phrase) of the spiritual beauty expressible in the human face. There is none of that ever-varying eloquence of expression which is the very life and divinity in the countenance of man or woman, in the still life of Mrs. H.'s features. There is neither thought, nor strength, nor savor in her everlastingly sweet smile. Beauty she may possess; but it is the beauty of marble, animated by one feeling—amiability."

"Well! and what more beautiful feeling could speak from her soul, through a woman's eyes, than that you have assigned to Mrs. H.? Moreover, I believe the personification you speak of is real; and I account it a most fortunate thing for H. to have such a wife! A stronger and more actively intellectual and spiritual nature would have been unsuited to his mind and circumstances, and might have diverted his attention from his public duties, excited his faculties in a different direction, and it may be, have unwittingly hindered his high course of usefulness."

"I cannot agree with you there. It is a mistaken idea that strength must *oppose* strength. I believe, rather, that where properly suited, the strong mind assimilates more closely, and in a far higher and nobler manner, with another strong, though, perhaps different nature, than is possible in such unions as that you are rejoicing at the sight of. Such a marked inequality must involve imperfect unity, and, I think, shows but a poor appreciation of what marriage is in the man who chooses or admires it. What would you think of an eagle wedded to a dove? White and beautiful, gentle and lovely though she be, softly though she down the eyrie, and neatly though she arrange it for his reception, she is still but a dove; and when her kingly mate returns from his flight beyond the clouds, and folding those wings that have swept along the surface of the sea, and borne him to the untrodden lands near the rising of the sun; when those eyes that have assayed their utmost vision—power to pierce the very source of light—turn to the shade of home to be refreshed and revived,—when there, in the repose hours of life,

he would again, in thought, unfold those wings, and review the vast and wondrous regions they have traversed—to whom must he depict the glory, and beauty, and mystery, that have enriched his soul? Surely not to the gentle dove by his side; for, grateful though he feel for her warmth and love, he knows too well that in her mind is neither scope nor power to reflect his thoughts. He is therefore silent: to the deepest tones of his soul's voice he feels there can be no response: he must not utter them, except, perchance, to the stars; with whom he may feel kindred, but from whom he cannot receive that breath of sympathy which so refreshes and nourishes the soul. Think you the kingly bird's nature can be fully developed under such circumstances? By my belief in marriage, as the highest fulfilment of our being, the strengthener of our strength, the ennobler of our powers, the elevator of our desires, the inspirer of our highest impulses—I deny the perfection of such unions. And yet how frequently they take place; and we find them not only defended, but admired as models.

"Such admiration is as reasonable as the rejoicing of the blind man that he had never been troubled with sight! Poor dark one! he could not know that the effort of vision, if we may use the expression, which he imagined applicable to that exquisite sense, is amply rewarded by the beauty of earth, and air, and sky, which it reveals. Such reward, in a spiritual form, the earnest seeker after unity in union may find; for sympathy is the sight sense of the soul, reflecting on the inward *retina* of mutually loving and kindred spirits the whole nature of each."

"Your ideal of marriage is a noble one, and I doubt not, true; but how seldom is it attained. And, after all, what are more dear than love and gentleness. How beautiful it is to see the world-toiling man finding the solace of reciprocal affection, even though he be denied intellectual sympathy in his wife!"

"Yes, beautiful as are the few treasured flowers in the prison of the captive, whose right it is to see and enjoy the whole beauty of earth. Love and gentleness are, indeed, beyond price; but in my ideal of the queen eagle, they are as perfect as in the dove. Quickness and clearness of intellect, vividness of imagination, warm love of truth, and right and pure earnestness of purpose, are as native to the female as sympathy and tenderness. I own I am somewhat of an aristocrat in regard to marriage, and would not mingle serf with knightly blood. But the heraldic blazonry must be of Heaven's stamping; the Gules, and the Azure, and the Or, must be colored in the soul! Nothing can be more grievous to contemplate than

the loss and suffering from ill-assorted unions. When, as sometimes happens, the woman is superior to her husband, the case is still worse, for woman's whole life and soul are involved in marriage, and her social position is less favorable to finding the substitute men generally obtain in outward resources.

"It is a difficult question this of marriage; youth is most naturally its season; every unfolding sentiment and budding hope, and branching desire, bends at that period toward the sun of love. Marriage, without love in highest enthusiasm, is not worthy the name; but the firm basis of reason is not the less needful. And how liable is youth to mistake—to decide on uncertain premises—or, more correctly speaking, to act unreasonably! True, passion lights its beautiful flame, and pours forth its generous warmth in the heart of youth; but the fire does not there die! In the pure and earnest soul, love, highest and most intense, lives ever; preserving the freshness of spring through the maturer seasons of life, and insures to him who guards it with vestal care, a perpetual youth of the heart. 'Manhood is the season for marriage,' says the philosopher of life; a certain virility of mind, as well as body, is necessary in order to judge and capacitate for so important a relation. It is from our ideal of what marriage ought to be, not from our observation of the unions, called marriages, around us, that we must reason and decide in the question before us."

"Is it safe to argue thus on imaginary ideals?"

"I think it is: all perfection, in this world, is ideal; but not the less to be aimed at on that account; else, where were the artist's aim, the believer's faith, the philosopher's calmness? The aspiration after perfection is the soul of progress; progress is the law of being; every pure and high desire of the soul is a promise of its future nature, a prophecy of its everlasting development, a linking of time with eternity!

"Our estimate of the worth and uses of marriage will greatly depend on the appreciation we have formed of the meaning of life, and on the understanding we have of our own nature. If that estimate be noble and true, and if we correctly comprehend ourselves, we may conceive somewhat of the responsibility we ought to feel to act in the light of highest reason, when seeking to secure to ourselves the unspeakable benefits of this 'benignest ordinance of God to man,' as Milton nobly designates it. Our ideas of marriage are generally derived from the circumstances and examples around us, and these are rarely the most favorable to a correct judgment. In designing the structure of life, we must be guided by truth and nature, rather than by custom and example; thus only can we insure beauty and harmony in the building. Each of us is the architect of his own existence, we are given life and the materials to make it great and real; if we neglect to do so it becomes mean and tasteless. 'What is life,' asks the wise Milton, 'without the vigor and spiritual exercise of life?' To establish this vigor, and to

inspire this spirituality, is marriage chiefly valuable, and only when it thus rouses into highest life the full maturity of existence is it worthy of that most holy office which the Creator has assigned it, of perpetuating His image on the earth. This highest appointment is alone sufficient to denote the intense importance of right and real marriages, it is impossible to estimate the increased wealth of mind and soul that would accrue to the world if the sanction of nature and truth were sought in renewing the ranks of life."

"Marriage is a solemn thing, and must be a communion of spiritual and temporal comforts, a covenant of unfeigned love and peace, whereof both the general and particular end is the peace and contentment of man's mind: such is Milton's definition, and taking the full meaning of every word, a just one. To insure contentment and communion, marriage must be an entire friendship, as well as a perfect love.

"And yet, I doubt whether, even with these elements, marriage can produce perfect happiness."

"I agree with you; imperfection is stamped upon our present state of being; our vision is finite, our goodness fragmentary, our temper inconsistent, and the natural result is—imperfection of life; but we can imagine perfection, and the ideal is ever a presage of the future, given us to be an incentive to endeavor. I have no doubt that if we use life to our utmost ability, and in accordance with our estimate of its full capacity, we shall be rewarded accordingly; full satisfaction we must not expect to find—it is hidden from us in the far ether of eternity."

"Do you not observe that, even in its present imperfect state, marriage affords more happiness than there are grounds to expect? The laws of accommodation and acclimation act continually, and produce assimilation and a measure of content, where the natures seemed most unsuited."

"Yes, but observe, that in order to effect this assimilation, the minds must deteriorate: the law of acclimation, like all the laws of nature, is of a beneficial tendency, but when its use degenerates into an abuse, it is no longer a blessing: when, in its action on the mental nature, it transforms higher into lower feelings, and lulls the restless aspirations of the soul into apathy and quiescence, it must be guarded against as a snare, rather than sheltered under as an excuse for error. In many other cases beside the one before us, does this law of accommodation spread its pacifying influence over the waters of life, calming and silencing where agitation and change have not yet effected their work of purification. While we take advantage of its healing virtues, as in the adversity of circumstances we are forced to do, let us be careful not to salve over wounds that require a probing cure."

"But the Marriage Question—What are the rules by which we may guide man's steps over this Rubicon of life?"

"Rules are impossible in the case: man must learn the lesson of self-rule; education must be

indeed an educating, or leading out, of the whole power of the mind into use and action; and when the youth has learned the value and the aim of existence, the man will act more in accordance with the beautiful ideal that lives in the soul of every thinking being."

"Amen!"

From the Christian Remembrancer.

1. *The Poets and Poetry of America.* By RUFUS WILLMOT GRISWOLD. Philadelphia.
2. *Poems.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Philadelphia.
3. *Poems.* By N. PARKER WILLIS. Philadelphia.
4. *Poems.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London: Chapman, Brothers.

It is a truth which applies as fully to poetry as to other arts, "that whatever is to be truly great and affecting, must have in it the strong stamp of the native land; and this not of a law, but of necessity, from the intense hold on their country of the affections of all truly great men." Shakspeare is English; no denizen of any other country could have written a page of his plays. Dante is Italian; intensely Florentine. Schiller is German; Tegner is Swedish. The recognition of this nationality in all original minds is one of the pleasures of extensive reading, and of a large acquaintance with foreign literature. It gives a zest to every French *chanson*, that it is so thoroughly French; to a Spanish ballad, that it could not have been written out of Spain, away from the chivalry and the turmoil of its old intestine wars. It is the charm of Burns' Scotch scenery, his delineations of character, grave and gay, that they so vividly bring Scotland and the Scotch before us. Citizens of the world are not poets, though the extended sympathies implied in the term have their uses and advantages in other callings. The dreams and visions, the glories and illusions of youth—the faith, the history, the traditions of his country, the worship of native hills, and groves, and streams, linger by the poet all his life long. With mankind at large, these impressions fade before new, and therefore stronger, interests. But the poet is forever looking back; he never loses his childhood; he does not let the past slip away from him, but gathers up the years as they fall, and is child, and youth, and man, all in one. And childhood is best remembered, and the earliest impressions are the deepest. Walter Scott, in the last failing year of his life, murmured of Tweed and Yarrow, of the sports and the traditions of his youth, in sight of the magnificence of Italian landscape and association; for what is country but home, and home glorified in the poet's dream—what is it, but his most living and glowing type of heaven?

In our own continent, however, each language has been the slow product of the thoughts of its people. A thousand local circumstances give it its peculiar genius, and every national tongue insensibly adapts itself to express, with the greatest accuracy and perfection, the prevailing feelings and principles it is called upon to clothe and develop.

In attempting some notice of the poetry of America, we must not forget that the Americans have not the advantage of a language founded on those peculiar ideas of republicanism and freedom of thought which form their boast and pride. But a short time has elapsed since they were first an independent people, and they have to express their national sentiments in a tongue whose structure little sympathizes with them—in a tongue whose foundations were laid in the feudal ages, which has been built up in a profound reverence for forms and creeds, for kings and rulers, which has been strengthened and buttressed by rigid philosophy and severe dogmatic divinity, and decorated by the ornaments of fancy, chivalry, gallantry, and pastoral graces which successive ages brought with them. It is with this engine, and their taste formed on this literature, that our neighbors have to express unfettered liberty, uncontrolled will, freedom of opinion, and independence of conscience. It is hardly to be wondered at that they should feel themselves hampered and clogged in their power of expression on their favorite themes, that their eagle should soar with unsteady wing, that "Liberty" herself should be checked in the bray of her trumpet-tones by the uncongenial order and sweetness of her too harmonious instrument. It may be too early to look for it, but we think it will readily be admitted that, as yet, America has formed no new phase, has given no fresh trans-Atlantic grace to our common tongue. The language is often very excellent English—nervous, elegant, expressive English—but we do not find any foreign graces, any original collocation of words of which we can say, "This is American," as in reviewing our own literature we can pronounce, "This is Elizabethan," or this is of the chivalrous tone of Charles the First's time, or this belongs clearly to the so-called Augustan age. Neither in the constitution of their language, nor in any point but one, on which we shall soon touch, do we recognize nationality in the great body of American poets. They all *mean* to be national; they are *patriotic*. They talk of liberty, and Washington, and Bunker's hill, with an admirable repetition and perseverance; but the celebration of these circumstances of their country's pride does not constitute that strong stamp of their native land which we have wished to define as giving to the universal poetry of a country its national characteristics, and which, in the way we mean, shows itself as much in a love-song as in a hymn of victory. There are, as we have already intimated, abundant causes and excuses for this. Europe must possess too strong an attraction; all history, all romance centres in it. Beyond the magnificence and beauty of her natural scenery, her interminable forests and untrodden plains, her glorious autumn hues, what does America possess worthy to fill a poet's heart, or to educate his spirit?—we speak of what is commonly understood with us by America—the United States. No church, no settled creed, no antiquities, no history, we may almost say no forefathers; no heroes but the much-boasted pilgrim-fathers, no pre-

deceivers but savages—pilgrims and savages resembling each other in this, that eyes must shut themselves somewhat wilfully against the truth to see in either of them a fit theme for poetic enthusiasm. In the destitution of objects or events to feed the fancy upon, we ought not, perhaps, to consider the existence of the red man as a misfortune to the American imaginative faculty. Whatever is to be found in nature, poetry ought to be able to adapt to her purposes and to make her own. Yet we believe all European readers of American poetry must weary of the perpetual recurrence of feathered, wampum-belted, painted chiefs, either with their natural accompaniments of abject squaws and bloody tomahawks, or their romantic ones of long-haired maidens, the hunter's toil, and the blissful repose of the wigwam. There must be sameness in all such delineations, for savages are portrayed by their species, not as individual characters. They may be described as either fighting or in repose, as Landseer may paint the same lion under these opposing circumstances; but we see through all changes the same red man. We never get to know one from another. We pity these unfortunates when they are driven from their haunts, we shrink from them when they dance and yell over a fallen enemy, we wonder at their tastes, we are amazed at the sagacity of their instincts; but we are too far removed from them in habits of thought and action really to care for them. For ourselves, we must confess that the pale weaver at his frame, or the collier black from his mine, is to our mind a more interesting object for the fancy and heart to dwell on, than the sternest, boldest, most erect savage that ever marked down his enemy from behind a tree. Still we may admit that savages, as features of the scene, as giving at once life and wildness to our ideas of a primeval forest—as contrasts to the settlers who eventually drive them from their home, have a certain picturesque effect; it is the prominence given to them of which alone we complain. If we could ever find them in these poems, which may soon be their only record, yielding to the influences of religion and believing its truths, then another and a deeper chord of our sympathies would be struck; our interests would be legitimately awakened. The early settlers, however, had not a missionary spirit—they thought more of exterminating their dangerous neighbors than converting them. We have many a bloody battle recorded, many a deed of treachery on either side, many a lovely, peaceful scene profaned by a tradition of cold-blooded murder and revenge. Such are the scenes of action and passion that American annals present to her poets and novelists. After making what they can of these two forms of the poetic and heroic, they commonly turn to the old world for further inspiration. European poetry is their model; old turns of thought, old illustrations, old fancies—all learnt in the study, not the nursery, and of which their native land bears no trace—their resource. And so we have fairy-land over again, and Swiss mountaineers, and Greek exiles, and songs after the manner of the seven-

teenth century, and chivalry and romance with a sort of especial impossibility thrown over them, and a temporary adoption of a sterner and more positive creed than their country teaches or their heart desires—a kind of literary ecclesiastical costume.

What we say applies to the body of American poets, as we see them in Mr. Griswold's very extensive selection from their works. We shall, of course, have occasion very much to modify such a general expression of opinion when we come to consider the claims and powers of individuals; and we feel it is not fair to pursue the subject further without the admission that one poet at least our neighbors have, who is national in the fullest sense of the word, who is an American or nothing; whose sense of beauty has been fostered amidst those illimitable forests, those green savannas, those glorious streams; who has an eye or a heart for nothing else; whose religion and whose politics cannot look beyond his country; who sees in republicanism all greatness and every source of perfection, and in independency and liberalism all that is true in religion; who believes the elements themselves to be opposed to the old world—making the winds play their pranks upon our roofs and tiles—and the "sea, with its restless surges, eating away the shores of earth's old continents;" who cannot speak, however incidentally, of kings, but "tyrant" goes before as an epithet, nor name the word priest, but with allusions to hypocrisy and oppression. Alas, that the true poetic germ should be planted in a soil so uncongenial for its free and full development—that a nation's faults should blot so fair a page! Yet, in the face of these, William Cullen Bryant is a poet, a poet of whom his country or any country may be proud—faithful to his vocation—honest, pure, and true. He has written many lines which, perhaps, we would wish blotted out, but none of which, with his opinions, he need be ashamed. Ignorance or prejudice makes him often unjust, but he never goes against his conscience; never profanes verse by the expression of mean, or vain, or voluptuous thought. We may not approve of what glimpses we have of his theology; but he is always reverent, and, according to his light, religious. He has vain expectations of progress, and hopes which the gospel does not warrant; but the true lessons of nature he takes seriously to heart—they make him, in spite of republican pride, gentle, kind, charitable, compassionate. He may hate the middle age, but he loves his neighbor; for nature has been the most loved as well as the truest teacher. Liberalism has pervaded his understanding, but God's works have taught his heart. Under a more catholic system he would indeed have been a poet in a wider sense; the heart of man would have been open to him as truly as the fair page of creation—but now we cannot trust him, either to look backwards or forwards; we cannot follow his reasoning on the past, nor share in his hopes and expectations for the future. He is no seer, his vision does not reach further than other men's; but what lies be-

fore him he does understand, and draws true and sound lessons from. He reads the moral of nature, and we profit by his teaching.

One of many such lessons we are tempted to quote here, to illustrate our meaning. If it is already familiar to some of our readers, we must ask them to bear with it, as with the repetition of some sweet old melody, for very sweet and melodious we think it.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide?
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The reeds, the plashy brink, the sheltered nest,
the social screaming company!—we feel able, under such a guide, to comprehend and sympathize with all the joys a bird is capable of; and as our eye follows that lone wanderer, we, too, share the poet's hope.

As a contrast to these serene musings, we will next show our poet as an historian and prophet. The following lines are taken from a "Poem on the Ages." They give his view of the middle ages, or rather the whole period between the original propagation of the gospel, and the renaissance—some fourteen hundred years.

Vainly that ray of darkness from above
That shone around the Galilean lake,
The light of hope, the leading star of love,
Struggled, the darkness of that day to break;
Even its own faithless guardians strove to slake
In fogs of earth the pure immortal flame;
And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,
Were red with blood, and charity became,
In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name.

They triumphed, and less bloody rites were kept
Within the quiet of the convent cell;
The well-fed inmates pattered prayer, and slept,
And sinned, and liked their easy penance well.
Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell;
And cowed and barefoot beggars swarmed the
way,

All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and grey.

It is painful, amid many beauties, to which we hope to return, to present our readers with another example of what may be called our author's patriotic style; but it is necessary in order to give a correct idea of a true American poet. Liberty there, is not at all the quiet household divinity she is content to be with us, but the most exacting of goddesses, forever demanding hymns and holocausts, and seeking to intoxicate her worshippers. If ever our present author is obscure, it is on this theme. Experience soon teaches his readers to foretell its approach. For a stanza or two, we lose ourselves in high-sounding words, and miss the truthfulness and sobriety which are his ordinary characteristics. Thus heralded, out leaps the monster amid thrones, sceptred throngs, and fetters, struggles, terrors, lashes, and crouching slaves, all supposed to infest European, and even our English shores, little aware as we are of our degradation, and even possibly disposed to think some of these hard words more applicable to a newer world, where the lash is no mere metaphor, and "slave" is more than an ugly and offensive epithet. The following stanzas are the conclusion of the same poem, and convey his hopes and expectations for his country, and the world at large, which, perhaps, he would think the present moment is accomplishing.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or cast his swiftness in the forward race?
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
Into the depth of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that
chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She, too, is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but might cast to earth the train
That trample her, and break their iron net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell!

Many a wise man, however, does not manifest his wisdom in soaring above the prejudices of his own times and circumstances. We are inclined, indeed, to believe that those who most commonly earn this praise, are such as abide by the system they were educated in; their wisdom consisting in making the best of it. They may take for granted its errors, or even uphold them, but they are guided by its truths; these influence their mind and heart. In spite, then, of national prepossessions and antipathies which offend, and aspirations which we can neither share nor sympathize in, we cannot rise from an attentive perusal of Bryant's collected poems without the persuasion that we have been holding pleasant communion with a wise, thoughtful, and original mind. He may be boastful and arrogant for his country, he may foresee for her uninterrupted success and unfading glory, but, for himself, he has learnt a far different lesson; whatever may be a favored nation's destiny, he feels that for each man that composes it there is a fate of unfulfilled wishes and disappointed hopes, a brilliant opening, a dark retrospect—that life ends before one high purpose is realized: and he sees that it is good that it should be so. We have given in our first extract, the lines to "The Water-fowl," one of the earliest of his published poems; the following, on "The Waning Moon," bearing out, as we believe, what has been said, may be called his last. A period of nearly thirty years lies between them; more than time enough to teach such a lesson.

THE WANING MOON.

I've watched too late; the morn is near;
One look at God's broad silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!
Even while your glow is on your cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.
See where upon the horizon's brim
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars:
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.
Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.
And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.
Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.
Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lip!
In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shall cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

Bryant, p. 359.

The peculiar poetic power of this author, however, lies in the description of nature; and this may be considered a national gift; an admission which is certainly due, after what has been said on the subject of nationality. For not only do the more distinguished American writers excel in this—and Bryant with a peculiar fidelity and grace—but few whose works are thought worthy of a place in the national collection but have written some felicitous suggestive lines, which strike upon the mind's eye like a picture. The poetic instinct must needs in all states of the world take its possessors out of doors into the solitude and loveliness of nature; but especially in a land where nature has done so much, and where, as yet, the genius of man shows so little to excite the contemplative dreamy vein. In the old world, art, or man's doings, divide the picturesque with nature; and even have no unworthy part, small though the share may be, in the higher, more sublime element of beauty. But in America, by the tacit confession of its writers, we must look for those graces and glories in the works of creation alone. Art, as yet, has had no reign; a new nation is too busy for such matters; and time has not mellowed the homely and common into his own chastened loveliness. The eye that longs for beauty—the heart that desires repose—the memory that would fain search into the past—the weariness which yearns for rest as the great good, are all driven to seek what they long for by woods and shady streams. Every traveller and describer of American life and manners, friendly or angry, agrees in giving to them one aspect;—ceaseless bustle, hurry, excitement, labor, progress; one rushing, impetuous stream of life; a universal reaching after advancement, wealth, and distinction. Man has, hitherto, built no resting-places; no homes for quieter tastes or higher aims. Such, therefore, must of force wander forth, and pour out their hearts beneath the broad tranquil sky. The sense of refreshment—the unwonted leisure—the contrast of their present ease with the turmoil left behind, all dispose the mind to a fond particularity of investigation. They at once feel the peaceful grandeur of the whole, and are disposed with a loving study to watch every detail—each minute property of bud, and insect, and flower. It is delicious to find *time* for such contemplation, while all the rest of the world is so busy—it is happiness simply to let the hours go by uncounted. Thus, in no poetry do we find more frequent allusions to the charms of idleness—from mere repose of body, to utter oblivion and unconsciousness of mind.

"In order to see nature in all her grandeur,"

says Humboldt, in his *Kosmos*, "it is necessary to present her under a two-fold aspect; first objectively, as an actual phenomenon, and next as reflected in the feelings of mankind." Of these two modes, that which is essentially American (though her poets are not without that other power) is the first. Their skill lies in portraying what they see with vividness and accuracy. They place before us a true and faithful picture—such a fresh, green, sunshiny piece of nature as our English landscape-painters delight us with—the dew yet glittering in the morning light. The artist feels what he sees, but does not care to impress himself upon his picture. He calls on us to stand with him, and admire and love what he does. In attempting to illustrate what we mean by examples, we feel to be under a great disadvantage, both because space will not allow us to do so fully, or by extracts of sufficient length; and also, that passages often lose half their beauty thus dislodged from the context, and made to stand forth by themselves with a sort of confident pretension. We have, perhaps, to apologize for the too frequent recurrence of one name in proving a universal accomplishment: but we own him to be our most fruitful source, as well as our leading example.

The following is a picture of calm repose. The profound stillness of the August scene is often dwelt upon by American writers, in contrast with the early summer breezes of June:—

The quiet August noon has come
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder flock
At rest in those calm fields appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,—
There the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Bryant, p. 190

A wide landscape in the confused mist of starshine is happily brought before us in these few lines:—

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between:
And rivers glimmered in their way,
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below and bees around.

And the gradual ascent of summer vapor, beautifully described in itself, is equally successful in the lesson it teaches:—

Earth's children cleave to Earth—her frail
Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
And lessens in the morning ray—
Look how by mountain rivulet
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steep:
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.—P. 298

His fountains and streams bring always more fresh and pure images before us:—

Fountain, that springest on this grassy slope,
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birth-place; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air
In winter is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.
P. 316.

We would gladly transcribe a poem called "The Rivulet," written on revisiting the stream by which he played in infancy, and which recalls so clearly to his readers the sparkle and the ripple of streams associated with their own early recollections; but it is too long for our purpose.

His allusions to flowers are always happy. He is intimate with them, so to say, and knows their times and seasons, and their haunts. He never assembles them together in the impossible groups which so often perplex our fancies in poetry, where the author ought to know nature better. The wind-flower, as coming in early spring, is an especial favorite.

Lodged in sunny cleft,
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.—P. 50.

In contrast with this cheerful little image, is the following lament over the decay of the flowers in latest autumn.

The wind-flower and the violet they perished long ago,
And the briar rose and the orchis died amid the summer-glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland glade and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their win-
ter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fra-
grance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the woods and by the
streams no more.—P. 153.

In that land of summer-heats, the winds are
most earnestly invoked by the poets, and their
praises sung on all occasions. These lines, de-
scriptive of the gradual rise and stir of the breeze,
follow a passage which almost too painfully helps
us to realize the intense heat of that less temperate
clime.

Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh! come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes.
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

Bryant, p. 93.

Imagination may, perhaps, have more to do
than simple description with the following power-
ful impression of darkness. But we feel that a
real scene, though now invisible, is vividly present
to his memory. The poem from which it is
taken was written in Italy.

A midnight black with clouds is in the sky;
I seem to feel upon my limbs the weight
Of its vast brooding shadow. All in vain
Turns the tired eye in search of form; no star
Pierces the pitchy veil; no ruddy blaze,
From dwellings lighted by the cheerful hearth,
Tinges the flowering summits of the grass.
No sound of life is heard, no village hum,
Nor measured tramp of footstep in the path,
Nor rush of wing, while, on the breast of earth,
I lie and listen to her mighty voice:
A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods un-
seen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound.—P. 272.

Willis has these pleasant lines on the "Dawn,"
though he is less nature's poet than his country-
man, and seldom forgets himself.

Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kiss'd it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my light hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing,
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.—Willis, p. 242.

There is something grave and sweet in the un-
disturbed serenity of a lonely Indian lake, as
described by Whittier; melancholy and desolate
even in opening spring.

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its grey rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky,

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of Spring,
Though yet upon her tardy wing
The lingering frosts of Winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
On bud and flower, and warmer air.

Longfellow gives us a cheerfuller impression of
the same season, advanced into May.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

Another spring scene, by Albert Street, from his "Forest Walk," given with characteristic care and fidelity.

Sweet forest odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
Where pine cones dropp'd, leaves piled and dead,
Long tufts of grass and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread;
Here with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.
Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stem, and breaks below;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold:
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;
The robin brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;
And as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears, an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

Poets of America, p. 398.

Forest scenery—its vistas—its crowding giant stems—its lights and shadows—its moss, its streams, its flowers—afford a happy and an inexhaustible theme.

This is a brooklet in the woods, by W. G. Sims.

A little further on there is a brook
Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
Have roof'd it with their crowding limbs and leaves,
So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
A low, faint beating, as upon the leaves
That lie beneath its rapids, it descends
In a fine, showery rain, that keeps one tune,
And 't is a sweet one, still of constancy.—P. 305.

Of all seasons, autumn, after the wont of poets, is most fondly expatiated upon; and a character of cheerfulness is thrown over its fading glories, which gives a new tone to our feelings. Halleck, in his "Connecticut," thus gives the palm to the American autumn, while allowing the claim of European summers; and dwells on its influence.

In the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.
Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds

Her twilight hills—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye in solitude and crowds,
Whene'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.—P. 175.

And after some brilliant and vivid descriptions in his "Autumn Woods," Bryant exclaims:—

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!
Ah! 't were a lot too bless'd
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;
And leave the vain low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.—P. 112.

Emerson in description can be rational and intelligible—a most rare state of mind with him. His snow storm is finely given:—

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Emerson, p. 49.

To conclude this list of examples, which we leave most imperfect, in the fear of running to too great length, we will give the same writer's pretty description of a poet of nature—"a minstrel of the natural year"—and thus a fair representative of his country's rural muse:—

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, or snowy hill.
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.

It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
 It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
 As if by secret sight he knew
 Where in far fields the orchis grew.
 There are many events in the field,
 Which are not shown to common eyes,
 But all her shows did nature yield
 To please and win this pilgrim wise.
 He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
 He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
 He found the tawny thrush's broods;
 And the sky-hawk did wait for him.
 What others did at distance hear,
 And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
 Was showed to this philosopher,
 And at his bidding seemed to come.

Emerson, p. 53.

But this power which we have dwelt upon, of portraying nature; even when genuine, often becomes tedious and prolix in the hands of the unimaginative. It is not enough that a scene should be accurately drawn—we look for masterly strokes and clear lights and shades. The artist's eye should embrace the whole picture at once, we are then safe from wearisome minuteness. For neither in the scene itself, nor in the successful delineation of it, can we see every object with equal distinctness. If the distance is full and clear, the foreground is only visible in its broadest details; if near objects are vividly given, then remote ones are but dimly and unconsciously seen. Wilcox is thought by his countrymen to be very happy in his scenes—but we feel them liable to this objection, though given with a conscientiousness which proves his own delight in nature. But a defect which obscures the merit of descriptions of nature, where we have time and patience to wait upon the author's leisure, becomes absolutely fatal to success in delineations connected with action and passion. With some writers we positively cannot get on in the most stirring scenes—the most awe-inspiring circumstances—the most breathless turning points of interest—for endless, never-wearying description. No occasion is too sacred—no personal concern of the writer too absorbing, to divert him from his fate of describing every actor in the scene, as well as the localities itself, with a fulness of detail and a minuteness of observation, which few persons in real life think it worth while to bestow on their most intimate acquaintance. In modern literature generally, it is matter of surprise how many points of demeanor, how many insignificant accidents of feature, are dwelt upon, in the most unimportant character the author brings before us. Persons in actual life come and go, and we often retain but a dim impression of their most important characteristics; but in modern fiction, each individual that appears upon the scene must have not only his leading peculiarities described, but even the turn of his chin—the curve of his nostril—the size of his hands and feet—the amount of wave in his hair—are not left to our fancy—points in which many a man would pass but a poor examination, if suddenly called on to draw his best friend's picture in words. But what we hold to be unworthy an able writer in prose, desecrates poetry; that art which, in a mas-

ter's hand, can with a few glowing words raise an image more real and definite than pages of mere measurement and proportion. This condensation, however, these sudden flashes of intelligence between author and reader, by apparently inadequate means, are not at all the American poet's style for producing effect. He takes his time, and expects his readers to be patient.

Mr. Willis' handsomely printed and decorated volume opens with a series of Scripture sketches, which made his early fame. The subjects he chooses involve occasions for the delineation of sublime zeal, heroism, and devotion—they ought not to have been attempted with any other view; but in this writer's hands they are, one and all, only shallow excuses for an elaborate portrait of each character in the scene. When this is done, he has seldom anything more to say; but his task has already occupied so much space and time, that he may well be blind to the real fact, that as yet he has not begun his subject. Facility at description indeed—the kind of feeling of having *something* to say, is very apt to delude its possessor into ignorance that, after all, he has not the *right* thing to say. One notable instance of this delusion may be seen in his "Rizpah."

Warmly impressed by the words of Scripture, he believes himself to see beyond that simple narrative into her very heart. The impression is not as yet certainly very distinct, but words will help him on; his present glow will develop into inspiration by the time he wants it. *One* thing he can do—her two sons were probably beautiful, and his forte lies in describing beauty; the beginning is safe and easy. We extract his picture of the younger son, as a good example of this author's style:—

As he spoke, a step,
 Light as an antelope's, the threshold pressed,
 And, like a beam of light, into the room
 Entered Mephibosheth. What bird of heaven
 Or creature of the wild—what flower of earth—
 Was like this fairest of the sons of Saul!
 The violet's cup was harsh to his blue eye.
 Less agile was the fierce barb's fiery step.
 His voice drew hearts to him. His smile was like
 The incarnation of some blessed dream—
 Its joyousness so sunned the gazer's eye!
 Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth divided
 A bow of Love drawn with a scarlet thread.
 His cheek was like the moist heart of the rose;
 And, but for nostrils of that breathing fire
 That turns the lion back, and limbs as lithe
 As in the velvet muscle of the pard,
 Mephibosheth had been too fair for man.

As if he were a vision that would fade,
 Rizpah gazed on him. Never, to her eye,
 Grew his bright form familiar; but, like stars,
 That seemed each night new lit in a new heaven,
 He was each morn's sweet gift to her. She loved
 Her firstborn, as a mother loved her child,
 Tenderly, fondly. But for him—the last—
 What had she done for heaven to be his mother!

Willis, p. 71.

Then follows a digression on mother's love; after which Mephibosheth presents his mother with a

cake of meal, for which he had sold his Lybian barb, and bids her

Fear not, my mother,
Thy sons will be Elijah's ravens to thee.

With which anachronism the poem comes to an abrupt conclusion; the word "unfinished," in Roman capitals, leaving us to understand that our poet broke down. He had, in fact, started on a most ambitious subject, a mother's intense, unfathomable love for her children, and the other untold motives for her self-devotion, with literally no other materials for his work than an idea of the son's personal beauty. All can admire Rizpah's constancy, but to realize it does need a poet's imagination. In those long weeks of watching by day and by night, surrounded by her mouldering dead, slain by God's righteous judgment, what thoughts must have been hers—what bitter memories—what weariness—what fortitude—what resignation—what natural fears and shudderings—what anguish—what terrible imaginations! What a void must life, once so proud and prosperous, have then presented to her! how awful must she have been to those who beheld her watching—the wild beasts fleeing before her, scared by the majesty of her desperation rather than by that flaming torch she waves against them! We do not wonder that Mr. Willis gave up the hope to portray all, and far more than this; but we do wonder that he should raise the expectation of his readers, who look for nothing short of it, only to tell them of the beauty of her sons. Rizpah needed no graces of person in her children, to sacrifice more than life for their sake, and for the memory of their kingly father.

In "Jairus' daughter," our author descends to still greater minuteness of detail; not only what we are supposed to see is given—"the blood still rosy in the tapering nails"—"the line of pearl through her parted lips"—"the nostrils spiritually thin"—but even the "*small round ears*" hid by her unbound hair;—the effect of the whole, in the desire to produce a pretty effect, being so much more sleep than death, that the wonder of the miracle is lost. So grand an occasion for expatiating on female beauty as Jephtha's daughter presents, of course is not lost; but here again the effect is spoiled of a really graceful picture, by an allusion, of all people, to Praxiteles; "a shape Praxiteles might worship." He has indeed throughout no idea of the spiritual and ideal in beauty, it is all form; and thus is not only without moral, but without that effect it is alone worthy the efforts of poetry to produce. These points, however, degenerate into mere matters of taste, compared to others where this writer does not scruple to step in with his descriptive pen. In the miracles, which are the frequent subject of his choice for these sketches, our Lord himself as the divine actor in the scene is of necessity introduced. There is no point in which a commonly reverent mind is more sensitive, than any departure from the Christian type of that sacred Form. We feel

that words must but faintly approach so awful a subject; painting has the prescriptive right alone (we almost unwillingly admit a like privilege to the sister art) to portray it to us. The rudest performance that faithfully gives that type we can tolerate, but we shrink from any new idea—any attempt at originality, even in the noblest genius. He must fill us with awe and love, but leave, so to say, no trace of himself in his work; we must recognize our own impressions, or we start back alarmed and repelled. Every other figure on the canvass is the painter's own, but in that one he must strive only to give back each man's idea—sublimated and refined by highest art. Art can achieve this, while words never attempt more than reverently to touch upon this theme without wounding. But the passion for description will not bend before such instincts; and Mr. Willis on several occasions ventures on this forbidden ground; with no intentional irreverence, but with a presumption and insensibility which we will not give our readers the pain of proving by quotation—(see pages 15, 18, 24, 56, &c., in the large edition of his works.) As an example, however, of the heedlessness with which such a subject is approached, we will give one line:—

And as Jesus' voice
With its bewildering sweetness—

What an epithet for that Voice—the true Guide—which his sheep shall hear! the Voice which shall direct them in the right way to the one fold!

The contrast the reader is led to make between past and present authors, is somewhat striking in this matter of description. It may be that in looking back the mind recurs to *models* only, and in reviewing the present to the general tone of literature; for that there are examples of the other method in old writers, which show little enough skill in the management of detail, we are ready to admit. But in referring, for example, to those characters of Shakspeare which leave on our minds the greatest impression of beauty, we find it conveyed we scarcely know how:—"Oh you wonder!" and again, "But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless," paint to us Miranda; and we believe the feeling of Desdemona's extreme loveliness is left upon us only by one attribute of beauty, her fairness:

That whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Constance, the bereaved mother, indulges in no recapitulation of her Author's boyish graces—"my pretty Arthur," "his pretty looks,"—she only says:—and again

For since the birth of Cain, the first man child,
To him who did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born

It is thus she dwells upon the beauty of her son. Cleopatra, that enchantress, is "the serpent of old Nile"—"the day o' the world:" and when Juliet appears at her window, "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun." Even Spenser, in whom we should

confidently look for exceptions to our general view, usually contents himself with expatiating on the pure snowy whiteness—white beyond all the comparisons he assembles together—"but she whiter far," of the fair allegorical imaginations he sets before us; a touch of rose, and golden hair, commonly completes the picture—which has yet something more of distinctness and individuality than might be expected from the sameness of the means employed.

Dryden's and Chaucer's Emilia, in "May Morning," stands prettily before us:—

Fresh as the month and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair.

And though possibly somewhat stiff, do we desire a fuller picture of our common mother, than that so familiar to us?

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

As she advances,

Blushing like the morn,

what minuteness can add to our conviction of Beatrice's absolute beauty, "*la donna beata e bella*," her eyes shining like the star, and her angelic voice! Petrarch has more leisure, and less lofty views than his countryman; but where he so beautifully recalls Laura's image, and raises one of the fairest and sweetest pictures poet ever imagined whereby to enhance the sadness of decay and death, with how few touches it is given!

Le cresse chime d'or puro lucente
E 'l lampeggiar del' angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso,
Poca polvere son che nulla sente.

It is commonly by the vivid impression given of the effect of beauty on those who behold it, that poetry conveys the idea of that beauty to ourselves. It is done, as it were, by reflection. We think Desdemona beautiful because Othello so keenly feels her to be so. Ferdinand is lost in rapturous wonder in beholding Miranda, and therefore we are willing to believe her, with him, to be

The goddess on whom those airs attend.

The highest beauty can no more be described by separating it into its component parts, than a chemist can convey an idea of a rose by telling us what it is made of; and there is a freedom and want of reverence which offends us in the attempt elaborately to define what it is that produces such wonderful effects.*

*It is remarkable, in this point of view, to observe Dante's notice of Beatrice, in his *Life*, when he was not under the stern laws which guided and chastened his *Divine Poem*. The following is his account of the occasion of her first addressing him. "It chanced that on the last of these days this most admirable person appeared to me in a dress of the purest white, between two noble ladies, and passing along the street she turned her eyes towards the spot where I stood, and with an ineffable courtesy (which now has its reward in eternity) saluted me in so striking a manner that I seemed to reach the very extreme of happiness. The hour at which I received this most bewitching salutation was precisely the None of that day; and as this was the first time her words had

But to return from our digression. Hillhouse, in his "Day of Judgment," is another remarkable example of the force of this tendency to minute description which we have dwelt upon. Of this poem, Mr. Griswold, in the notice he appends to each author in his national collection, says, while admitting the difficulties the subject involves—

Other poets had essayed their powers in describing the events of the last day. The public voice, however, has decided that among all the poems on this great subject, that of Mr. Hillhouse stands unequalled. His object was "to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment," and rarely have we seen grandeur of conception and simplicity of design as admirably united. His representation of the scene is vivid and energetic; while the manner in which he has grouped and contrasted the countless array of characters of every age displays the highest degree of artistic skill. Each character he summons up appears before us with historic costume and features faithfully preserved; and we seem to gaze upon him as a reality, and not merely as the bold imagery of the poet. His description of the last setting of the sun in the west, and the dreamer's farewell to the evening star, as it was fading forever from his sight, are passages of beauty, which it would be difficult to find surpassed.

The subject is indeed unspeakably "difficult," and needing the utmost intensity of the poet's imagination. For one moment the human mind may conceive something of its terrors. Are there words burning, breathing, awful enough to communicate this momentary vision to man? One hindrance there is to such a possibility. Who can master the thought, even for an instant, but as *himself* standing before the throne! There may be a sense of rushing, innumerable multitudes, waves beyond waves illimitable, but before he can distinguish amidst those pale, countless, crowding forms, the vision has passed away. The "*Dies iræ*" is, perhaps, the most powerful human effort to impress the terrors of that day on the heart of man, for there each soul is made to feel itself, guilty, helpless, alone—"Quod sum miser tunc dicturus," each says, striking his breast, as his heart sinks under the unimaginable awfulness of that hour.

But even in the faintest and remotest degree to realize "The Judgment" by deliberate survey and calm contemplation of its details, we hold to be impossible. One look, even, dazzles and overwhelms. And the reader must sympathize in the poet's terrors to be brought to feel them in his own person. If the writer be at ease, so will his reader be; and we own ourselves very little moved or excited by Mr. Hillhouse's "last grand spectacle," as he calls it. Mr. Hillhouse was (he died in 1841) a churchman and the friend of churchmen, and had thus a vast advantage over the ma-

reached my ears, the pleasure that I received was such that I quitted the company, as it were, in a state of intoxication." Here the accuracy with which he notes the time of her appearance, as if of some divine apparition, his intense happiness at so small a favor as her salutation, all give the impression of something almost superhumanly gracious and beautiful, which we would not exchange for the loveliest picture words could draw.

jority of his countrymen, and one of which we see the good fruits. We feel throughout, as it were, in safe hands; there is nothing irreverent, nothing to pain or offend. But he hopes to do all by infinite minuteness. He describes the scene, the angels, the Judge, the throne; he describes the archangels that guard it, with considerable force and power; he describes the crowd of souls, and detracts from the awful impetuosity of their forced advance by details of

Tiars, and helms, and sparkling diadems.

For all appeared

As in their days of earthly pride; the clank
Of steel announced the warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of kings.

And from this multitude he next proceeds to select individuals for a fuller and minuter portraiture. Among these our common parent must almost necessarily find the first place. We give the following description as among the best of the pictures.

Nearest the mount, of that mix'd phalanx first,
Our general parent stood: not as he look'd
Wandering at eve, amid the shady bowers
And odorous groves of that delicious garden,
Or flowery banks of some soft rolling stream,
Pausing to list its welling murmur, hand
In hand with peerless Eve, the rose too sweet,
Fatal to paradise. Fled from his cheek
The bloom of Eden: his hyacinthine locks
Were changed to gray; with years, with sorrows
bow'd

He seem'd; but through his ruin'd form still shone
The majesty of his Creator: round
Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look
He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.

We cannot, however, enter into Mr. Griswold's commendation of the author's happy arrangement and grouping of his figures. We own we were taken by surprise when Julius Cæsar followed close upon Adam. We will give them in the order in which they come, omitting of necessity the twelve or twenty lines of description devoted to each. Near Julius Cæsar, "Abraham rested on his staff," and by his side, Joseph "proudly decked in tissue purple, sweeping to the ground." Then

At hand a group of sages mark'd the scene;
Plato and Socrates together stood.

Nearer the mount stood Moses; beyond him "the twelve apostles stand;" then Alexander the Great. "Turn now where stood the spotless Virgin sweet:"—and immediately after, amid a crowd of monarchs, Nebuchadnezzar. The order of the three last in succession, perhaps, does more than shock our taste. It is, however, easier to smile at any possible arrangement than to suggest a better. The group of sages marking the scene so collectedly, conveys to us very much the tranquil state of mind our author manifests throughout. Instead of that overpowering rush of events which our imagination suggests, there seems to be abundant time for all his observations. On one occasion, indeed, time absolutely lingers in its flight—

And weary with conjecture, round I gazed.

Yet while we think the author fails in what should be the great aim in venturing on so ambitious a subject, there is yet much grace and tenderness in his poem, beauties which would have affected and impressed the reader more in a fitter scene for their display. The following is the address to the evening star, commended by Mr. Griswold.

Mild twinkling, through a silver-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Hereafter to be seen no more, (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, "Fare-
well,

Pale beauteous planet, that displayest so soft
Amid yon glowing streak thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
Ages and empires roll'd like smoke away,
But thou unaltered, beam'st as silver fair
As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport! natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy.
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheer'd
The peasant's heart and drawn his benison!
Pride of the west! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou sett'st forever. Lovely orb, farewell."

Hillhouse, both as a poet and dramatist, ranks high with his countrymen. Mr. Willis, in the best of his poems, "The Elms of Newhaven," feelingly deplores the poet's loss; and Mr. Kipp, who furnishes some details of his character and death, touches upon these with an affectionate tenderness which must excite our respect for him as a man: while it is added that, on his visit to our country, Mr. Zachary Macaulay pronounced him the most accomplished young gentleman he ever met.

Poets are proverbially precocious; our own annals tell of early genius, of Milton, Cowley, Pope, and Chatterton. But America, which so rapidly develops her children's bodily frames, also goes far "a-head" of our old world training, in bringing out their minds. Like a fond mother, she encourages all youthful efforts, makes much of them, treasures them up, preserves them—not like our fond mothers, secretly, and half ashamed, in some guarded repository, but in all the publicity, in all the dignity, in all the delightful perpetuity (as it seems to the juvenile mind) of print. Half the poets in Mr. Griswold's collection had come out as authors before they were eighteen, either in reviews, or as habitual contributors to the newspaper's poetical corner, or in all the state of a volume of their own. Bryant wrote a satirical poem in his thirteenth year which excited deserved attention, and came to a second edition.* Hillhouse

* None of his earliest poems are republished in the new and complete edition of his works; but the following

"had long been distinguished for the elegance and good taste of his compositions" when he was selected by the Phi Beta Kappa Society to deliver a poem before them. He chose the subject of "The Judgment," and at the age of two and twenty pronounced the poem we have commented on, before that society. Longfellow and Willis "were known as poets" at seventeen. Whittier undertook the editorship of a Boston paper at twenty, having previously won a reputation by writings both in verse and prose. Epes Sargent composed a descriptive poem at twelve. Drake was a contributor to several gazettes at fifteen. Albert Street's earliest printed composition appeared at fourteen, and Albert Green's at sixteen. We might continue our list to twice its length, but our enumeration of authors may already have gone beyond the knowledge of our readers. This early intimacy with newspapers, magazines, and reviews, often continues through a whole literary life. Indeed, the management of periodicals appears the only means for obtaining anything like decent or suitable remuneration to those who devote themselves to literature. We cannot but think this early introduction to the public to be very injurious (except in cases where there is strength and stamina to resist every debilitating influence) to the free growth and development of the mind. A boy's poem is only an exercise until it is printed; after this magical process it is a work, a performance. It becomes a part of the writer; he has committed himself, he has begun the business of life. If he pleases, by writing prettily, he is not likely to practise the patience and philosophy necessary to attain higher and sounder commendation. He feels himself already a man; he has taken a line—he has his style—his readers—his admirers, be their judgment worth what it may; and his mind is set and fixed, as it were, in a mould, before the youthful aspirants of another system have opened, free and unfettered upon their career.

This premature newspaper authorship may account for one feature we observe in the class of American writers who aim directly at popularity—a certain taste for the exciting and horrible, and

lines are given as being surprising in themselves for that early age, and also curious from the contrast of their somewhat turgid and lofty epithets with the modesty and chastened simplicity of his ripper mind.

E'er while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride.
She blows her brazen trump, and, at the sound,
A motley throng obedient flock around;
A mist of changing hue o'er all she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings!
O, might some patriot rise! the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish, for hark! the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed;
Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth, and stupid stare:
While in the midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands;
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote.

a relaxation of those laws which, by universal consent, have hitherto restrained all who call themselves poets, from the direct expression of whatever is repulsive or revolting. Whatever may be remotely inferred, details of butchery and carnage—a too rude attack on the sanctity of the human frame—forms of suffering and death shocking to the nerves of the fancy, and even certain conditions of merely mental pain and calamity, have been felt beneath the dignity and opposed to the humanizing and softening influence of verse. Poetry should have only a grand and typical truth in its treatment of all those physical sorrows to which our flesh is heir. It may tell us of death and decay, but may not enter into the details of corruption; it may speak of bleeding wounds, but not paint with a surgeon's accuracy all the frightful circumstances that attend upon them. The noble mind may be portrayed unhinged,

The sweet bells jangling, out of tune, and harsh,
without our being shocked by the maniac's jibbering, and his frantic cries. Poetry should give us the idea—whatever there is to excite worthy emotions in all these things—with the fidelity of sculpture, rather than in mere waxwork imitation. We recognize in some writers a decided taste for the Chamber of Horrors. To begin with an example in a lighter vein, Oliver W. Holmes we are assured has won for himself an enduring reputation as a poet. "He possesses a rich vein of humor, with learning and originality, and great skill as an artist." Thus gifted, he writes a playful piece, called "The Dilemma," on the conflicting merits of black eyes and blue, a subject on which poets of different nations have already said so many graceful and pretty things. It is probably to assert his originality that Mr. Holmes thus treats this gay theme in the second stanza:

I had a vision in my dreams;
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I ask'd the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten *livid* lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

Mr. Percival is thus ferocious in his patriotism:

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And fearless stemm'd the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
Oh! 't was a proud exulting day;
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

Mr. Bright, in a poem called "The Vision of Death," where he imagines himself joining a vast procession of the dead, among much that is equally revolting, contains the following disgusting conception:—

Once, once I stopped, where something gleamed
With a bright and star-like ray;

And I stooped to take the diamond up
From the grass on which it lay;
'T was an eye that from its socket fell,
As some wretch toiled on his way.

Whittier's whole poem of "Mogg Megone" is an example of the style we deprecate. "In portraying the Indian character," we are told, he "followed as closely as practicable the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mather, and other authors, and therefore discarded much of the romance which more modern writers have thrown around the red man's life." The tale altogether seems written with the malicious design of destroying illusions; for the early colonists are not made much more attractive than their savage opponents. Ruth, the heroine, and daughter of an English outlaw, falls so readily into the manners of her father's adopted countrymen, as not to rest satisfied till she holds in her hand the brown-haired scalp of her treacherous lover. There is little relief from blood and ferocity throughout. On whatever page the eye rests it encounters something savage and inhuman; and yet on a gentler theme Mr. Whittier can write well.

How savage life, served *au naturel*, suits the taste of the civilized reader, may be judged by the following passage, extracted almost at random. The interlocutors are Bomazeen an Indian, and a French Jesuit, in league with him and his tribe.

Black with the grime of paint and dust,
Spotted and streaked with human gore,
A grim and naked head is thrust
Within the chapel door.
"Ha!—Bomazeen!—In God's name say
What mean these sounds of bloody fray?"
Silent the Indian points his hand
To where across the echoing glen
Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger band,
And Moulton with his men.
"Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?
Where are De Rouville and Castine?
And where the braves of Sawga's queen?"
Let my father find the winter's sun
Which the sun drank up long moons ago!
Under the falls of Taconock
The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;
Castine, with his wives, lies closely hid
Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!
On Sawga's banks the man of war
Sits in his wigwam like a squaw—
Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,
Stuck by the knife of Sagamore John,
Lies stiff and stark, and cold as a stone."

The heart of the Jesuit fails him, and he falls on his knees before the altar.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks
As cowering on the priest he looks;
"Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?*"
Let my father look upon Bomazeen.
My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,
But mine is so hard that it does not thaw.
Let my father ask his God to make
A dance and a feast for a great Sagamore,
When he journeys across the western lake
With his dogs and his squaws to the spirit's
shore.

* Are you afraid? why fear you?

Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?
Let my father die like Bomazeen."

Even Mr. Bryant more than once brings painful and revolting images before the mind, which jar unpleasantly upon us in the pure flow of his verse. In his pathetic ballad, "The Murdered Traveller," we would rather not have had the following idea suggested in such straightforward words:

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset.

Nor how when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn is red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead.

Again, in that wild and pretty fancy of "The Strange Lady," who lures the young hunter to his fate, we would have dispensed with these details:—

Next day, within a mossy glen, mid mouldering
trunks were found
The fragments of a human form upon the bloody
ground;
White bones from which the flesh was torn, and
locks of glossy hair;
They laid him in the place of graves, yet wist not
whose they were.

Willis has a poem open far more seriously to the same objection, the story of Parrhesius, who, while painting his Prometheus, bought a captive—an old man—in the slave market, with the deliberate intention of putting him to torture and death; which purpose he puts into execution under Mr. Willis' careful and elaborate description. We will spare our readers a long scene given in all its horrible details, which would too well illustrate our meaning, and which the artist further realizes to us by an engraving of the unhappy victim on the rack.

There is a certain class of songs now popular in our own country, whose aim is to excite and harrow the feelings, by somewhat vulgar means. The titles of some of these, as "The Gambler's Wife," "The Maniac," &c., may be known to our readers; these also are of American origin.

In one region of the fancy—that of fertility in simile and illustration, we have already said that few American poets show much invention, of a kind at least that good taste can commend. Longfellow is the one obvious exception, whose genius takes a different direction from that of his countrymen. Theirs lies, as we have said, in the delineation of material nature, which may account for a less luxuriant play of fancy. It is while viewing the stir of passion, the trials and reverses of life, the varying affections and conflicting emotions of the heart, that we turn from what so perplexes us to seek for some parallel in nature, who in all her moods has balm and consolation for the vexed and wearied spirit. It is a relief to find sympathy there for all the contradictions and sorrows of poor humanity; and thus the poet, as spokesman for his brethren, cannot delineate the turmoils of life without forever turning to refresh his spirit, either by finding a contrast in nature's repose, or an

analogy in those stirrings and convulsions of which the outer, inanimate world has also its share and portion. When nations fall we are led by divine guidance to think of the moon and the stars darkened; when good men die it is the sun sinking to his glorious rest; when rebellion overturns kingdoms and politics, we recall the convulsions of earthquakes and the ravages of volcanoes. We fade as a leaf; we wither like grass; our opening life is as the morning light, it sets too often in clouds and rain. The fair maiden is the lily flower; the honest, true-hearted man the forest oak. Time is a river, eternity the ocean—and so through the innumerable analogies which are, as it were, part of ourselves; so that there is no position or circumstance of life but a thousand apt similitudes may be found for it, either familiar to all, or which the occasion leads each one to discover for himself.

But the poet of nature, in his quiet contemplation, is in the very region of rest and repose; he finds his home where the other is but a brief and hurried sojourner, seeking momentary relaxation from the stern business of life. He is no actor in the scene of his meditation, his passions are never excited. Through the wildest elemental strife he gazes on, never so much disturbed but he can calmly moralize and muse over the lesson all nature teaches. When he looks back into busy life, it is only to congratulate himself on his escape from it; he is not tempted to any elaborate review or comparison. Still he feels the analogy to exist as impressively between nature and human life, as in that other aspect of it, life comparing itself with nature; only in his case it prompts him to trace out a moral—in the other, to detect a similitude. A storm raises no turmoil in his breast, therefore it does not pleasure him to compare it to the wrath of men; but the poet of action can hardly dwell upon some human ebullition of fury, without recurring to parallel hurricanes and tornadoes in the natural world: as, in common parlance, we say a storming passion, but never a passionate storm. Thus we believe exuberance of fancy, simile, and illustration, belong to the poet of life and action, as the great scene for the display of all these graces lies in the Epic.

Bryant has scarcely one elaborate simile in his collected poems; we might almost say that one thing never spontaneously reminds him of another thing. He looks at objects, and values them for their own sakes, and for what they teach him—for their uses, for their beauty, for the witness they give of a merciful and gracious God. It is almost wonderful to observe how generally he dispenses with these decorations of poetry, as if in his republicanism he chose to throw off all such royal trappings and adventitious aids of state, and was resolved to stand forth in unrobed, uncrowned dignity. In his little poem called "The Painted Cup," a gay flower of his country, he thus deprecates the fancies it would naturally suggest.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus

To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazle bowers,
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world;
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds,
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To swell the reddening fruit, that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny
slope.—P. 334.

However, it must be owned that he has little genius as well as taste for simile. In the general absence of this ornament, we have three or four repetitions of the idea of the sky supported by pillars.

Bright clouds, motionless pillars of the brazen
heavens.

Beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.

And in his poem on the skies is the same thought in the following harmonious stanza:—

Though sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise:
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

P. 143.

There is something in preëminence which will everywhere suggest the idea of the kingly state; so far we borrow from life when we desire to give distinction to any object of nature. The oak is the king of the forest, the rose is the queen of flowers, "Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains, crowned long ago." Mr. Bryant is once, by the pomp of autumn, startled so far from his democratic tendencies as to use the kingly image.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

P. 111.

There is something grand in the sound, till we remember that kings never are to be seen in groups, and that they are exactly the last personages in the whole world to mount guard.

It is but fair to quote one happy exception to what we have been asserting, though this may be, as he professes the whole poem to be, the fruit of his friend's fancy, and not his own.

Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a wintry storm,
Seen rather than distinguished.

Inappropriate or inelegant similes are to be found in all literature, and are confined to no pecu-

har clime. It seems therefore invidious to attempt to illustrate our meaning by examples, but we think the following show a resolute aim at strength and effect, at the expense of correct taste, which makes them tell in one direction.

Percival, in his description of the coral grove, lying calm and still beneath the ocean, surprises the reader with the following fierce image :

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

He compares the last eager and fond embrace of a beautiful dying woman to a camel.

So fondly the panting camel flies
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,

Whittier, when he wishes to express the beauty of the cloudless west at sunset, says—

Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Mrs. Sigourney, in moralizing on the fire-side joys of winter, displays her learning thus :—

Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions, and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health.

There is spirit in the following simile of Longfellow's, which yet is inelegant and confused.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife !

Neal has this illustration :

With form—all joy, and dance—as bright and free
As youthful nymph of mountain liberty,
Or naked angels dreamed by poesy.

Emerson compares nature to a paroquet, thus :—

And universal nature through her vast
And crowded whole, an infinite paroquet,
Repeats one cricket note.

The winds remind one writer

Of tones that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old *lonely* minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays on the higher keys.

Not understanding that minsters in good repair, gifted with an organ and an organist, are always in populous haunts, and among the least *lonely* buildings in our land. This, however, only shows inaccuracy.

Mr. Willis, as "the poet of society," *must* have illustration, and there is no lack of it, though it is commonly of that received current fashion, exciting neither surprise, blame, nor admiration.

The first simile in the following stanza from "Lines written to a Lady from Abroad," is a

happy natural thought, the two others common place.

The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime
Of many hearts may touch but one,
And to this seeming careless rhyme
Will whisper to thy heart alone.
I give it to the winds ! The bird,
Let loose, to his far nest will flee ;
And love, though breath'd but on a word,
Will find thee over land and sea.
Though clouds across the sky have driven,
We trust at last the star will shine,
And like the very light of heaven
I trust thy love. Trust thou in mine !

We have to apologize, perhaps, for having so long omitted any formal mention of Longfellow, whose name must occur among the first to our thoughts in any mention of the poets of America. The turn of his mind, however, is towards European literature, and his poetry is formed on that model. He has translated with great success, both from German and Swedish poets, Tegner especially, and his longest original efforts are also from ancient Northern legends, and suggested by his visits to our continent. So that he is styled by some of his warmest admirers rather a German than an American. Thus his poetry has altogether a different tone from that of his countrymen. We should pronounce it richer in fancy and less clear in thought. His most recent work, *Evangeline*, is an American story of great pathos, and contains fine passages, but the metre in which he has chosen to write it, we confess has removed it from all our sympathies ; we cannot care for a tale of unvarying sadness told in hexameters, a measure which we believe the English ear will never be brought to tolerate in its own language. To us it is simply a masquerade and disguise—a sort of joke, and therefore most unfit for a melancholy theme. These are two striking and original similes ;—the reader may differ from us as to the merits of the tune to which they are set.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate,
ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of
the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending :
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvass—
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm
in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of cotton trees with a cordage of
grape vines.

As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of
the prairies ;
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,
So at the hoof-beat of fate, with sad forebodings
of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of
doom has attained it.

The following lines (while we are on the subject of illustration) bear happily on what we have said of that universal tendency to seek in nature

for parallels to our human life. They are by the same author, and show great fertility.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian!

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly!

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar!

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morn is risen into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd
Buds and blossoms many number'd;—
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart
For a smile of God thou art.

One long established old-world simile, we find pleasantly combated by Albert Greene in his lines on "The Weathercock of our Steeple." There he endeavors to give that useful public servant a character for consistency, contrary to all precedent. We own ourselves shaken by his whole argument, but must confine ourselves to extracting the four closing stanzas—

Men have no right to make thy name
A by-word for their deeds:—
They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds:
Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
Thus causelessly to range;
But when thou *changest sides*, canst give
Good reasons for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touch'd by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them,—
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who round their earth-bound circles, plod,
The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
Thou well hast kept thy trust,
And now in glory o'er thy head
The morning light has burst.
And unto earth's true watcher, thus,
When his dark hours have pass'd,
Will come the "day-spring from on high,"
To cheer his path at last.

Bright symbol of *fidelity*,
Still may I think of thee;
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me;—
But still in sunshine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to *my* trust,
As thou hast been to *thine*.

Of that second aspect of "Nature as reflected in the Feelings of Mankind," not simply shown to us as in a picture, nor yet as a lesson, we could no doubt give our readers some happy examples: the following from Longfellow, though an unambitious one, has no doubt found an echo in many a breast on a rainy day.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Of that still deeper sympathy which some modern writers seek in nature—as it were forcing her into harmony with their own frame of feeling, and thus placing her in a debatable ground between reality and fancy, we can find but few instances. The following lines remind us of Tennyson, without being an imitation. They are from the pen of Edgar Poe, a writer apparently of not much note, but are yet striking. The dreamy charm is broken somewhat painfully towards the end, by the direct mention of one feature of disso-

lution, which is characteristic of his countrymen's want of delicacy, or, as they would think, absence of squeamishness in such matters.

THE SLEEPER.

At midnight in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the mist about its breast
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see, the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not for the world awake.
All beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies,
With casement open to the skies,
Irene and her destinies!

Oh, lady bright, can it be right,
This lattice open to the night?
The bodiless airs, and wizard rout,
Flit through the chamber, in and out,
And wave the curtain-canopy,
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringed lid,
Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall.
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why, and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to our garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor—strange thy dress—
Stranger thy glorious length of tress,
And this all-solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
This bed being changed for one more holy,
This room for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever thus with closed eye!
My love, she sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall tomb unfold—
Some tomb that oft hath flung its black
And wing-like pannels, fluttering back,
Triumphant o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals,—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone,—
Some vault from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Nor thrill to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within.

One nation has hardly a right to criticise another on the score of its humor. Wherever humor so far hits the taste of its hearers as to amuse them innocently and harmlessly, it has some of the genuine properties of fun about it, and does its part. If it is not addressed to us, it is not to the point that we find it dull. We are only in the condi-

tion of those who have a good story reported to them without the charm of the original speaker's voice and manner, which were half the battle. It is certain of most humor and satire, that they only please their own audience and their own day. People talk of Rabelais and his Pantagruelism, but we believe it to be a piece of mere antiquarianism to pretend to be amused by him. His greatest admirer would gladly lay him down for a good number of "Punch." Who can tolerate Peter Pindar now, who once made all the world laugh? Mere humor must appeal to something higher and more general than the interest of its own times to be remembered beyond them. Therefore we state it only as a matter of fact, that we have not been much diverted by the specimens of American fun which we have seen. Halleck is highly valued for this quality by his countrymen, and perhaps we could understand him best. His poems have what such poetry ought to have—a great local reputation. Bryant, too, has written a warm eulogy on the varied merits of his style. In his "Connecticut," he manifests a sympathy half genuine, half satirical with the views political and religious of his nation—that country "where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave," which make it amusing to others besides his countrymen.

And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they
pray;
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year:
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear.

We have already given a specimen of Oliver Holmes' wit, and could quote others not much more to our taste. Bryant sometimes indulges in what he intends for gentle badinage on his countrywomen, but is apt to turn play into earnest, and from airy compliments rushes suddenly into the gravest charges; as, for example, on the subjects of rouge and false curls—temptations, if we may trust his cynical insinuations, to which his fair compatriots appear peculiarly liable. Many a "tint of rose" breathing modesty's own hue, has, however, been so misjudged: we are, therefore always slow in giving credence to such aspersions. There is a certain style of jest, of which we never could see the merit, which consists in composing an elaborate poem in one spirit—serious, or sentimental, or romantic; and knocking down the fabric thus raised by the last line. If the reader is taken in by the opening, the closing antithesis can hardly fail to disgust. If we remain cold to the sentiment, the whole point of the joke is lost. Halleck is considered a great adept in this art, and Mr. Willis also furnishes more than one example. He has some stanzas entitled "The Broken Bracelet," where a strain of tender reflections on the fair wearer is concluded by the home question, "What the fellow 'll charge to mend."

With Mr. Willis we have, however a graver quarrel, while on the subject of the gayer and

lighter styles of verse, than on what we esteem want of taste. His volume, as we have shown, opens with sketches from Scripture, written in a careless, though not an intentionally irreverent spirit. It closes with a story of deliberate bad principle and cold-hearted playing with evil.

It is composed on the model of some of Byron's worst effusions, and as a work of art, is a poor imitation of a bad thing. Mr. Willis evidently desires to be considered the finest gentleman of his class; he is emphatically styled, "the poet of society, familiar with the secret springs of action in social life, and moved himself by the same influences which guide his fellows." He has been much in Europe, and is now anxious to prove his acquaintance with high life—(a weakness of mankind at large, from which his countrymen are said not to be exempt,) and his consequent emancipation from old-fashioned rules of right and wrong, which we must say are not commonly forgotten by his brother poets. How he has succeeded in his portraiture of English fashionable manners, a brief abstract of the story will show. It is entitled "The Lady Jane, or the Old Maid's Love," and opens after the fashion of the epic, by giving the grand leading subject of the poem:

There was a lady—fair, and forty too,
Loved by a youth of scarcely two-and-twenty.

We are often told of the transience of charms across the Atlantic. Our poet bears the following testimony to their durability in our more genial clime.

And loveliness may drive through Piccadilly
Changeless till fifty, if no pangs befall.

The Lady Jane had the good fortune to breathe this balmy air. Her father, the earl, for no reason given, refused all offers for his beautiful heiress, nor did she resist or lament his decision. Thus years passed on, "untroubled by debt, lovers, or affliction," and thirty came upon her unawares, startling and saddening her, till a glance at her mirror reconciles her.

"Time after all," she said, "a harmless flirt is,"
And from that time took kindly to her thirties.

Another stanza carries her on in undiminished beauty,

Till like a dream came forty.

On that day she took some wise resolutions; and though her glass still gives witness to no change, she resolutely alters the fashion of her bonnets, and the height of her dresses, to the despair of her maid, and sets out on a series of calls on her dowager acquaintance, to learn from them what

Solaces of age were *comme il faut*.

Hitherto we can only commend the gentle strength of mind of our heroine, but unhappily her fast call and its consequences upsets the wisdom of forty years. This visit is on a certain countess, who is introduced to us in an apartment so elegant and unique, that several stanzas are devoted to its description. Indeed, Mr. Willis always exhibits

a prodigious passion for furniture hangings, and all the upholsterer paraphernalia. The ancient mistress of this paradise unites in her person, authoress, *belle-esprit*, philosopher, and beauty, and does not appear worthy of much respect in any of these capacities. Her advice—fatal advice! is to keep a pet poet; whereupon, quite *apropos*, she produces a letter, received that morning from an old friend, commending her son to her keeping and good auspices, and describing him with all the glow of a mother's fondness. In this portrait our author exhibits a tenderness which betrays, we cannot but think, a certain personal interest, so close is his sympathy with the youth's tastes, from poetry down to lemon-colored gloves. This fair ideal has been educated in some remote place on the coast of France, and now,

His father sends him forth for fame and gold—
An angel on this errand!

He has not yet been seen by the countess, but arrives at Mivart's that day. In the evening, Lady Jane attends the countess' *soirée*, of all the ceremonies of which there is a minute account, for the benefit, we suppose, of American readers, who may wish to know what high life is in England. And here we would beg them to discriminate. They may entirely trust our author in his account of the cloak-room—the fat housekeeper pouring out the tea, "the fresh lit candles," and the new blown "what do ye call 'ems," on the stairs, the graceful page and stiff footman—all these may be seen not only within the charmed precincts of Piccadilly, but beyond; but we must entreat them to withhold their belief from what follows. When the fair and discreet Lady Jane gets up stairs, the hostess is not there, for the guest is early—half-past ten; so she wanders about by herself, and enters the conservatory. In the midst behold our angel poet, Jules,

In a chair,
Sleeping as if his eyelids had been moons,
Reclined, with flakes of sunshine in his hair,
(Or what looked like it,) a fair youth, quite real,
But of a beauty like the Greek ideal.

The Lady Jane gazed on the fair boy sleeping,
And in his lip's rare beauty read his name;
And to his side with breathless wonder creeping,
Resistless to her heart the feeling came,
That, to her yearning love's devoted keeping,
Was given the gem within that fragile frame.
And, bending, with almost a mother's bliss,
To his bright lips, she seal'd it with a kiss!

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Jules has "that precious quality called tact," and wakes up not the least surprised. The countess enters about the same moment, and he apologizes with a most unconscious air for having been asleep. From that time the Lady Jane devotes herself to Jules Beaulevres—*on ne s'arrête pas en si beau chemin*; and an acquaintance distinguished by so striking a commencement was not suffered to flag. She lionizes him, shows him London, the Coliseum, the Panoramas, the Zoological Gardens, sends him

home-made bread, with many other extraordinary attentions, which we will not detail; she "keeps him in kid gloves, cologne, and flannels," stays unreasonably late at parties for the sake of setting him down "on her way *chez-elle*," introduces him to waltzing partners, gets him into clubs, and follows him to Wormwood Scrubs when he fights a duel; and he, in return, condescends to spend his mornings in her sumptuous boudoir, till it is time to ride in the Park. In spite of

The magic spell he bore,
The earnest truth upon his lips impressed—

we see nothing in this hero but the utmost selfishness of which the heart is capable; and we fully believe it is this quality which really captivates his biographer, as giving its possessors the last polish of refinement, and a fascination peculiarly their own.

His beau ideal was to sink the attic,
(Though not by birth, or taste, "the salt above")
To pitilessly cut the air erratic

Which ladies, fond of authors, so much love,
And be in style, calm, cold, aristocratic—

Serene in faultless boots and primrose glove.
But the exclusive's made of starch, not honey!
And Jules was cordial, joyous, frank, and funny.

This was one secret of his popularity,
Men hate a manner colder than their own,
And ladies—bless their hearts!—love chaste hilarity

Better than sentiment—if truth were known!
And Jules had one more slight peculiarity—
He 'd little "approbiveness"—or none;—
And what the critics said concerned him little—
Provided it touched not his drink and victual.

Jules has two hearts, "all poets being double, and living in two worlds, fancy and fact;" and, all things considered, it was convenient to give one of these to Lady Jane. But after a time he accompanies her and her father, now in his dotage, to Rome, where Mr. Willis expatiates a great deal on a variety of topics, and where Jules encounters a beautiful Italian marchioness, almost a child, whose husband receives him with much kindness. For this lady he presently deserts his elder flame, who, feeling herself neglected, in order to test his constancy announces that her father was ordered sea air, and that they were off to Venice. It was a false move, for Jules "would stay." But this cruel decision gives our author a grand occasion for a display of high life and good breeding. Both parties are so polite, and so cool. Jules says, "I think not;" Lady Jane, with a volcano of suppressed feelings, and a breaking heart, will not be behindhand in composure;

For rank has one cold law of Moloch's making—
Death before outcry, while the heart is breaking!

Of course there is no more happiness for her; as a necessary homage to the young poet's attractions, her life henceforth is cold and lonely.

A star, on which a spirit had alighted
Once, in all time, were like a heart so blighted.

Our readers, however, will be relieved to hear that

"Jules was not made of stuff to die of grieving," and the author concludes with this comfortable assurance, and a sort of promise to continue his adventures. We have attempted to give some slight abstract of the story, but have conveyed little idea of the style, which would call for too much space. It is made up of those disjointed sentences, distorted rhymes, startling addresses, parentheses, puns, flippancies, reflections, glimpses of the great world, and of the author's individual fancies, profane allusions and perverted texts, which are the received flowers and graces of the sentimental-comic poem of fashionable life.

We ought again to apologize for devoting so much time to so worthless a subject; but Mr. Willis' name is well known in England, where some of his poetry has a deserved reputation; a leading place has been given to him among the poets of his country; and his prose works—of which this last effusion of his genius must have forcibly reminded our readers—have been extensively read; these circumstances have invested the story with a consequence which its literary merits would no more have earned for it than its moral ones.

In a notice short and incomplete as this must necessarily be, there is at once a fear of prolonging the subject unduly, and of omitting the mention of names which ought by no means to be overlooked in the most cursory survey of American poetry. Bishop Doane, Creswell, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, as churchmen, and other authors whose writings evidence sound and definite views, though Mr. Griswold leaves us in ignorance of their "persuasion," seem to demand particular attention; but their writings are not of that marked character to present examples of any particular style; and to transcribe whole poems, however pleasing both in expression and sentiment, would carry our notice quite beyond the proper limits of an article. For the same reason, we can do little more than enumerate the names of other writers, highly valued by their countrymen. Dana, whose "Buccaneer" and other poems have won him an American reputation; Hoffman and Morris, the song-writers of their country; Leggett, Ware, Willcox, Sims, Clarke, &c., but who are little known or read beyond it.

Of female authors America may boast its full share. It is the aim of education there, more than with us, to give early facility in composition; and thus a barrier is broken down which hinders, consciously or unconsciously, many a young imagination from pouring out its thick-coming fancies. It is evidently less an effort in America than it is in England to become an authoress. Mrs. Sigourney's name has long been familiar with the English world, where her shorter pieces are valued for their grace and sweetness. The well-known lines on "The Death of an Infant" have a wide popularity, which dispenses with the need of our quoting them here as a favorable example of her style. "Mrs. Sigourney," says Mr. Griswold, "has surpassed any of the poets of her sex in this country,

in the extent of her productions; and their religious and domestic character has made them popular with the large classes who regard, more than artistic merit, the spirit and tendency of what they read. Her subjects are varied, and her diction generally melodious and free; but her works are written too carelessly; they lack vigor and condensation, and possess but few of the elements of enduring verse. Very little poetry, save that of scholars, finished with extreme care and skill, belongs to the permanent literature of any language." It may be politic to say so, and thus to convey a useful hint; but we are disposed to think that if a lady cannot write poetry without a classical education, she will hardly do so with one. It is no more desirable that women should write like men, than that they should be like them. As it is not in their nature to be learned, in the severe sense of the word, if they become so it is commonly at the cost, or to the injury, of gifts especially feminine—more particularly of that tact and discernment which may be called instinct in women, and which laborious cultivation of the intellectual powers confuses or extinguishes in this case, as in that of instincts generally. One American lady, however, has braved this danger. "Mrs. Brooks," says Mr. Griswold, "is the only American poet of her sex whose mind is thoroughly educated. She is familiar with the literature of Greece, Rome, and the Oriental nations, and with the languages and letters of Southern Europe;—learning, brilliant imagination, masculine boldness of thought and diction, are characteristics of her works." Nor is Maria del Occidente (the name by which she was introduced to the English world) indebted for such lofty praise only to her countrymen. Our own Southey pronounced her "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses," and characterizes her "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," as one of the most remarkable productions of female genius. It is hard to be just to the merits of what we do not like, and we certainly do not like "Zophiel;" yet with real efforts at impartiality, we must acknowledge ourselves perplexed by Mr. Southey's high-sounding panegyric, and can neither see genuine passion, nor genuine imagination, in this lady's turgid, flighty efforts of fancy, for so they rather appear to us. In differing from such high authority, we are driven in self-defence to suggest that the poet may himself but recently have descended from the realms of Pandalon and Swerga's heavenly heights—or was still giddy from "Veeshnoo's thousand years' descent," and "the ten myriad years the aspiring Brama soared," visions which we can well conceive would incapacitate a man for a time for sober criticism. "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," is founded on the history of Sarah, in the book of Tobit, and Zophiel is the demon Asmodeus—made as interesting and attractive as his delineator knows how; but in spite of this novel hero, and the high qualities the author brings in her work, Mr. Griswold admits that the poem will never be very popular, for which, we think, the public should not be blamed. Mankind does in-

deed revolt from all such sympathies, and the world is quite right not to care for a demon in love. Every spark of true earthly love has a touch of heaven in it; how, then, can we, even for a moment, sympathize in Asmodeus' impure fires! Our readers will see that the subject is certainly not a feminine one, nor is the writer's mode of treating it; still it is the very reverse of masculine—never were more milk-and-water demons. They have white arms and white feet, and rainbow-tinted wings, and blue eyes; and they kiss, and embrace, and prose together, like the most harmless of mortals. Zophiel, the hero, a fiend of spirit and energy, is fortunate in a friend, the milder Phraerion, of so dull and gentle a temper "that he scarcely felt his banishment" from heaven. However, from a habit he has of listening, he makes the fiery Zophiel a most incomparable confidant, and they talk over the heroine in a way which certainly makes us wonder why the author should have thought it necessary to search the infernal regions for a hero. "I but live to prove a love for her, as harmless as sincere." "I charm her ear with songs she never heard before." "I leave her for my needful cares, at leisure to muse upon, and feed her lonely state." "Egla looks on me, doubtful and amused." Thus discreetly does the fiend express himself. Sometimes, however, the demon peeps out, but still with few terrors.

Soul, what a mystery thou art! not one

Admires, or loves, or worships virtue more
Than I; but passion hurls me on, till torn

By keen remorse, I cool, to curse me and deplore.

Whether, however, these lost spirits rave or talk sentiment, whether they sit on a broken column by moonlight, or dive to the gnomes' palace in the depths of ocean—the author never appears to us to take a genuine flight of her own; we are alternately reminded of Pope's Sylphs, or Moore's "Loves of the Angels," or Southey's more extravagant imaginations, all dressed up now and then in the golden light of the ballet, that great repository and freshener of the fancy. We can never see anything to be called in any good sense imagination; even the long strings of hard names are not new, though they may be learned.

On either side

Fierce Aishalat and Pshaamayim went.

Bright Ramaour followed on, in order meet;

Then Nahalcoul and Zotzaraven, best

Beloved, save Rouamasak of perfume sweet;

Then Talhazak and Marmorak.

The perpetual recurrence of these terrific proper names would in themselves prevent any poem being read. However, fiends are not the only personages in the narrative, and there are Egla's (for so Sarah's name is changed) seven lovers to be described, all of different aspects and various graces. But besides the painful impropriety of making this use of a scriptural subject, only augmented by the mode of treating it, the circumstances of the story itself deprive it of the power

to interest. In the Bible narrative our sympathies are called forth for Tobias alone. Seven lovers circumstantially described, and the bride's feelings successively aroused and excited, form a subject which we feel satisfied no writer of genuine feeling or knowledge of the heart could have chosen. But our controversy with Mr. Southey has carried us to a much greater length than we intended.

Before proceeding to the last name on our list we must preface our remarks by a general testimony to the intelligibility of American authors—no slight praise, and which, as we review them, seems to grow into a national characteristic. Throughout Mr. Griswold's book, through Bryant's and Willis' large and handsome volumes, we can hardly recall an occasion when it was necessary to re-peruse a passage once read with due care and attention. This of course implies that the American poet's mind does not take a deep or speculative turn, that it moralizes on the outward form of things, and does not curiously penetrate into the hidden mysteries of our being; that the manifestations rather than the secret springs of our moral nature are their subject. But many an English poet is obscure who has no right to be so from the profundity of his ideas; and we must admit that the American sees his way clearly, and expresses himself distinctly, on occasions when many of our own much respected modern writers would have involved themselves and their readers in a cloud requiring some straining of the mental vision to penetrate. The resource of an American poet whose powers of expression fail him, and who cannot reduce his confused thoughts and fancies into order, is to be prosaic; with us, the refuge too often is obscurity. He, as it were, gives the matter up, and confesses his misfortune, or undervalues what he cannot attain; the artifice of reducing the reader to his own state of mystification does not apparently suggest itself to him. Percival, for instance, who evidently supposes himself to possess what Mr. Griswold attributes to him, "all the natural qualities of a great poet, but wanting the artistic skill," depreciates expression altogether, confuses the mere feeling of poetry with the art poetic—the power of being impressed, with the gift of impressing. He says poetry

Is not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;

* * * * *

'T is a mysterious feeling.

So again:—

The poetic feeling needs no words
To give it utterance;

* * * * *

Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
Than in the man of cities;

and so on. We do not agree with what he says—but throughout a long poem on an intricate subject, his expression is always as clear as if it were a simple narrative of facts; his thoughts may be inaccurate, but his statement of them is distinct. Again, Mr. Cranch, in lines which please us very

much, speaks of the inevitable shortcoming of words, and any mode of expression in this mortal state, in language of praiseworthy perspicuity; though we should guess, from other examples of his poetry, that he is one of the imaginative multitude who seem only to want that little despised talent, that slight accidental quality of expression, to be great poets.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils:
Man by man was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known:
Mind with mind did never meet:
We are columns left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company,
But a babbling summer-stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught.

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth;

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

In estimating thus highly the quality of intelligibility, we would not, of course, be supposed to touch upon that noblest class of poetry which, treating of the deepest subjects which can occupy the mind, cannot be read without profound attention, nor mastered on a first perusal. We would not rank ourselves among those so happily satirized by "The Great Reasoner," "who take for granted that they are acquainted with everything; and that no subject, if treated in the manner it should be, can be treated in any manner but what is familiar and easy to them." But the same writer goes on to say, "Confusion and perplexity in writing is, indeed, without excuse, because any one may, if he pleases, know whether he understands and sees through what he is about; and it is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. It is coming abroad in a disorder, which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home." We wonder what Bishop

Butler would have thought of Emerson's poems, the author of which forms so great an exception to the perspicuity we have been commending, that his green and gold volume may be compared to a corner into which has been swept all the dust and cobwebs of obscurity his tidier countrymen have been so careful to rid themselves of.

Mr. Emerson is known to all the world as a lecturer—the preacher and writer of a new philosophy. Such of his thoughts as are beyond the flight of prose, he has put into verse, and published in the wonderful volume before us, where they excite the idolatrous worship of his admirers, who think it slight honor, indeed, to place him at the head of the poets of his country; while, to us, much of these same compositions appears the most unequivocal nonsense which was ever gravely brought before the world. It is, however, a subject on which it is hard to dispute, from the difficulty of finding common ground. Hitherto, it has been considered a form of censure to pronounce a poem to be without meaning, a charge to be rebutted by those approving it; but, in this case, Mr. Emerson's followers admit it with a coolness which must be almost called complacency, as if it were a "slow" thing to talk so as to be understood. "Who understands a robin," say they, "or the hum of bagpipes?" But the cause of nonsense has been so ably urged by its advocates, that we should do it injustice to give our own interpretation of their views. We will therefore extract the following from a recent announcement of "The Coming Man:"—

And first of his little volume of poems. They are not wholes, but extracts, from the volume of his mind. They are, as he truly calls some of them, "Wood-notes," as beautiful, changeful, capricious, and unfathomable often, as the song of the birds. On hearing such notes, we sometimes ask ourselves, "What says that song which has lapped us in such delicious reverie, and made us almost forget the music in the sweet thoughts which are suggested by it?" Vain the question, for is not the suggestion of such sweet thoughts saying enough, saying all that it was needed to say? It is the bird that speaks—our own soul alone can furnish the interpretation. So with many of the poems of Emerson. They mean absolutely nothing—they are mere nonsense-verses—except to those who have learned their cipher, and whose heart instinctively dances to their tune. It is often a wordless music—a wild wailing rhythm—a sound inexplicable, but no more absurd or meaningless than the note of the flute, or the thrill of the mountain bagpipe. Who would, or who, though willing, could translate into common—into *all* languages, that train of thought and emotion, long as the life of the soul, and wide as the curve of the sphere, which one inarticulate melody can awaken in the mind? So some of Emerson's verses float us away, listening and lost, on their stream of sound and of dim suggestive meaning. Led himself, as he repeatedly says, "as far as the incommunicable," he leads us into the same mystic region.

We are inclined to think a poet's mission to be something higher than a bird's or a harp's, but at least it is different. It is his gift to express new

and deep thought; and we hold it to be a mere confession of incapacity for him to say that he has ideas beyond his powers of expression. So we all think; all persons whose minds are active, yet vague and indistinct, (the ordinary condition of readers,) feel the same; they have glimpses and guesses at something higher than they can reach, and it is this half-perception of the common mind which the poet enlightens. We do not acknowledge a man to be worthy of the title who only puts into indistinct dreamy words our indistinct dreamy ideas; but we hail him as a teacher, an exponent of truth and nature, who sees so clearly, that he gives form to the vapors and mists of our minds. Poetry of the highest order delights, because it brings to light the obscure that has hitherto vexed us, the vague which has so far eluded our grasp. We dwell upon what his imagination has bodied forth; we have gained something not known or realized before; and from age to age gifted men arise, thus developing, harmonizing, expanding. But of such are not those turbid and restless souls who write because they are perplexed, not because some great truth burns within them; who expect to clear the doubts of their own minds by setting them down on paper, as if words put in order would grow into ordered ideas. Mr. Emerson, we are convinced, must read his own poems with much the same expectation which leads on his sympathizing readers: in the hope that some new light may flash out of them, giving form to this chaos. It is said that artists of defective imagination are in the habit of dashing a sponge against their muddy uninspired canvass, anticipating that, in the splash and squander of colors, accident may reveal some happy conjunction of towers, and rocks, and sunbeams, which their own unassisted genius could not conceive. Mr. Emerson often appears to us to try the same experiment with pen and ink; his eye must glance over his work when he has done, to see what it has turned into. But it is time to support our assertions by example; and to escape the fashionable charge of "garbled extracts," we will quote a whole poem, long though it be.

URIEL.

It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,
Which in Paradise befell.
Once among the Pleiads walking,
SAID overheard the young gods talking,
And the treason too long pent
To his ears was evident.
The young deities discussed
Laws of form and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth, and what seems.
One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line:

"Line in nature is not found,
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return,
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frown'd from myrtle-beds;
Seemed to the holy festival,
The rash word boded ill to all;
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bonds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid in confusion.

A sad self-knowledge withering fell
On the beauty of Uriel.
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew that hour into his cloud,
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler light.
Straightway a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
But now and then truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings,
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force,
Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
And a blush ting'd the upper sky,
And the gods shook they knew not why.*

P. 18.

We could go on multiplying instances, but if we have been withheld by our limits from quoting sense, the argument has greater force still against a tide of nonsense. We will, therefore, only refer our readers to "The Visit," "Earth Song," "Mithridates," "Etienne de la Boëce," "The Sphynx,"—indeed, to a good part of the volume, if it falls in his way. But there is much beside nonsense in Mr. Emerson's book, though this may be its grand feature, on a first glance. With some fine speeches in compliment to an undefined religion, and some of its professors, it is a directly infidel work, as distinct pantheism as we believe,

* This style is not so new as it may appear, except for the superior continuity which a pervading profaneness seems to give to Mr. Emerson's poem. We can trace a strong resemblance in what we have quoted with what follows from the pen of Dr. Corbet, written some two hundred years ago.

"Mark how the lanterns cloud mine eyes,
See where the moon-drake 'gins to rise;
Saturn crawls much like an iron cat
To see the naked moon in a slip-shod hat.
Thunder-thumping toad-stools crack the pans,
To see the mermaids tumble;
Leather cat-a-mountains shake their heels,
To hear the gosh-hawk grumble.
The rustic threed
Begins to bleed,
And cobweb's elbows itches;
The putrid skies
Eat mulsack pies,
Back'd up in logic breeches."

The doctor has the modesty to call his lines a non-sequitur, a more appropriate title for many of Mr. Emerson's than he has himself chosen; indeed, the headings of these poems seem as much a matter of chance as their contents.

has yet made its appearance amongst us. Some of our readers are perhaps aware that, in his lectures, Mr. Emerson has expressed his view of the nature of evil, its inevitable though indirect tendency to good, in such a form, and illustrated by such examples, as make his statement unfit for our pages. His poems are full of intimations of this same sentiment with more decency of expression.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That night or day, that love or crime,
Lead all souls to the Good.—P. 103.

Higher far
Upward into the pure realm
Over sun or star.
Over the flickering Dæmon flim
Thou must mount for love,—

Where unlike things are like,
Where good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one.—P. 137.

One long poem professes to be spoken by a fir-tree, on which his eulogist says, "He seems (particularly in his 'Wood-notes') an inspired tree, his veins full of sap instead of blood; and you take up his volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf." We cannot here agree with Mr. Gilfillan; to us, the fir-tree's speech is very like Mr. Emerson, and not at all like a tree. Any one who has listened to the harmonies of a breeze-stirred pine, "its springs and dying gales," will at least feel certain that its music-loving branches would sing in a well-ordered solemn measure; with variety there would be a sweet monotony, an undersong, which these lines are especially wanting in. We quote the following lines, however, for the sentiments, which merit deeper censure than the versification.

From the heart of God proceeds
A single will, a million deeds.
Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
And God said, Throb; and there was motion
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Onward, and on, the eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plant and worms.
I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
He is free and libertine,
Pouring of his power the wine
To every age, to every race,
Unto every race and age
He emptieth the beverage;
Unto each, and unto all,
Maker and original.
The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.
As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
He giveth little or giveth much,
To make them several or such.
With one drop sheds form and feature,
With the second a special nature;

The third adds heat's indulgent spark,
 The fourth gives light which eats the dark.
 In the fifth drop himself he flings;
 And conscious Law is King of Kings.
 Pleaseth him the Eternal child
 To play his sweet will, glad and wild;
 As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead changes;
 As the sheep go feeding through the waste,
 From form to form he maketh haste.
 This vault which glows immense with light
 Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
 What recks such Traveller if the bowers
 Which bloom and fade like summer flowers,
 A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
 Or the stars of eternity!
 Alike to him the better, the worse,
 The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
 Thou metest him by centuries,
 And lo! he passes like the breeze.
 Thou seekest in globe and galaxy,
 He hides in pure transparency;
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
 He is the essence that inquires.
 He is the axis of the star;
 He is the sparkle of the spar;
 He is the heart of every creature,
 He is the meaning of each feature;
 And his mind is the sky
 Than all its hold more deep, more high.—P. 70.

All this is not very easy to understand; but enough is apparent to satisfy the reader of the nature of Mr. Emerson's religious or rather irreligious opinions. The book throughout professes the most far-spreading love, and sublimest philanthropy: but that these are on quite a different model from the Christian one, comes out plainly enough.

Love's hearts are faithful but not fond,
 Bound for the just, but not beyond;
 Not glad as the low-loving herd,
 Of self in other still preferred,
 But they have heartily designed
 The benefit of broad mankind.
 And they serve men austere,
 After their own genius clearly,
 Without a false humility;
 For this is love's nobility,
 Not to scatter bread and gold,
 Goods and raiment bought and sold,
 But to hold fast his simple sense,
 And speak the speech of innocence,
 And with hand, and body, and blood,
 To make his bosom counsel good:
 For he that feeds men, serveth few,
 He serves all, that dares be true.

Again, the fir-tree in mystic speech advises its friends,

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
 Thy churches and thy charities,
 And leave thy peacock wit behind;
 Enough for thee the primal mind
 That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.

Mr. Emerson is undoubtedly a man of ability, though he has overvalued and mistaken his powers, and bewildered himself in speculations which his mind has not strength for. Even the sphinx's extravagances, though we cannot make out the connection of one in ten of her oracular sentences, make true the old wit's saying, "An eminent fool

must be a fool of parts." It is not every one who could write *such* a farrago. He would have been a poet had he not obscured his powers by the pursuit of vain imaginations; proudly brooding over mysteries which have already been solved for him, and searching in darkness for what the Day Star has risen to show him, till intellectual and moral perception are equally dimmed. Hence it is that, in spite of a highly-gifted nature, his friends have to defend nonsense, to palliate profaneness, to blush at his daring justification of evil. However, these are minor points in the estimation of modern free-thinkers. Their confidence is not shaken in their prophet, even by the following admission:—

We think that we can observe in many of Emerson's later essays, and in some of his poems, symptoms of deepening obscurity; the twilight of his thought seems rushing down into night. His utterances are becoming vaguer and more elaborately oracular. He is dealing in deliberate puzzles—through the breaks in the dark forest of his page you see his mind in full retreat toward some remoter Cimmerian gloom. That retreat we would arrest if we could, for we are afraid that those who will follow him thither will be few and far between.

Surely the love of darkness rather than light was never so plainly written in words before. The reason for regret is *naïve* indeed. It is very true, a thick mist is falling on the unhappy philosopher; he gropes his way amid shadows; his genius lies under a nightmare; he strives for utterance and finds no words, while his disciples stand around catching his "indistinct murmurs," for so they call them, and esteeming them inspiration. They who reject that service which is perfect freedom, as intellectual bondage, are in the case of their own idols so servile as to esteem highest the thoughts they cannot penetrate, and, in their voluntary humility, to hold what they cannot comprehend, to be, therefore, above their comprehension. So we can suppose some of those hearers on Mars Hill, lovers of new things; turning from an apostle's teaching to listen in obscure caves for the voice of the lying oracle. As an American, Mr. Emerson's poems must find a place here, but it is due to his countrymen to explain that our extracts in his praise have been penned by none of them. Rather it is the boast of this eulogist that Britain has the glory of first discerning his excellence, and rewarding it with honor. America is reproached in no very measured terms for its blindness and insensibility in regard to this great man. He is without due esteem in his own country: it has not proved itself worthy of his genius. Nor could we have supposed otherwise. Mr. Emerson, as we have said, has a different style from his countrymen; they are not likely to feel a charm in simple, no-meaning, sonorous words. And when their poets take up a profounder philosophy, they will at least require that they should understand it themselves.

With this testimony to our neighbors' good sense, we will bring our article to a somewhat abrupt conclusion; for which the length to which we have already run must be our apology.

From the N. E. Farmer.

BENEVOLENCE IN BIRDS—THEIR USEFULNESS.

THE communication of H. C. in the Farmer of the 5th inst., relative to the canker-worm, in which he says the only effectual remedy against these insects known to him is "the encouragement of birds," brings fresh to our recollection some reminiscences respecting this persecuted, interesting, and useful race, which we think will be pleasing to our readers, particularly to the younger ones. We can hardly say with the writer of the article, that "killing a small bird should be placed in our penal code next to killing a child;" but we do say that it ought to be met with a punishment sufficient to prevent the destruction which annually takes place, in mere wantonness or sport, among the innocent songsters of our groves and orchards. We have been almost disposed in times past to bring the boys before Judge Lynch, and might probably have done it could we have put our hands upon them.

While residing in Lancaster a few years since, we were located near the river which runs through the town, whose banks and intervals are ornamented with numerous fine elms and other trees, which add much to the beauty of this pleasant village: in these trees the birds congregate in great numbers and rear their young. A gigantic elm, the admiration of travellers and the pride of the village, threw out its wide spreading branches over the cottage in which we dwelt, and while it shielded us from the scorching sun, afforded in its ample head (a forest almost in itself) a secure retreat for a great variety of birds, whose movements afforded much amusement for the family. Among these birds were a pair of crow black-birds, who had selected the fork of a partly decayed limb, very high in the tree, as a place to build their nest and rear their young. Having in my juvenile days some prejudice against this bird, as I was taught that with the crow it would dig up the newly sprouted corn, and commit sundry other depredations, I viewed them with a suspicious eye as I saw them in company from day to day upon my newly planted grounds, busily engaged in helping themselves to what they liked best. I satisfied myself soon, however, that they had been vilely slandered, and that they were friends and not enemies: it was evident they were clearing my grounds of grubs and worms at a great rate. They soon found that I was no enemy to them, and consequently became quite tame and familiar, following the plough or harrow with nearly as much confidence as the domestic fowls. It appeared that there was a good state of feeling among the numerous tribes that inhabited the tree, consisting as they did of so many families, embracing the robin, blue-bird, sparrow, golden robin, and a variety of others, and things seemed to prosper among them and go on well, until the night before old fashioned "lection," (a fatal day to the feathered tribe:) during that night there was a very high wind: early in the morning I was

awakened by an unusual clamor among the birds, and rose to ascertain the cause—I found that the decayed limb on the fork of which was the crow-black-bird's nest, had been broken off by the wind, and the nest and contents (five young ones) precipitated to the ground, and that four of them were dead or dying. The surviving one was nearly fledged and could fly a little. I picked it up from the grass and placed it in a secure situation, supposing the distressed parents would take care of it. The old ones continued their clamor all the morning, which, with the sympathizing cries of the other birds, formed a melancholy concert.

While the black-birds had perched upon a neighboring tree near the road, still giving vent to their sorrow, a boy passed with his gun, fired, and brought them both to the ground, and carried them away in triumph: luckily for the boy, I did not witness the barbarous deed, but it was noted by one of the family and soon reported to me. As I had become somewhat interested in the unfortunate orphan, I proposed to my children that they should feed it with worms until it could take care of itself, and accordingly placed it in a pen under the tree and returned to my work near by. It was not long before I heard from the young bird its peculiar note which it uttered when its parent brought food, and on looking up, saw that it had hopped up on to a joist to which the board fence was fastened, and to my great delight and surprise, beheld a blue-bird in the act of feeding it. That beautiful passage of scripture flashed upon my mind—"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God." My curiosity was now raised to see what would be the issue, and I soon found that any further care on my part would be superfluous, for the young chap had fallen into better hands. It was with the deepest interest I watched the movements of this devoted pair of blue-birds to their adopted one, for it appeared that both male and female had taken part in this work of disinterested benevolence, and devoted themselves with unremitting attention to its wants, until it was able to take care of itself. For a couple of days it remained near the spot where I first saw the birds feeding it, and being near a window, I had a good opportunity to see how things went on between them. It appeared that the young one kept his benefactors pretty busy; for their incessant labors could hardly satisfy the young gormandizer, as, upon an estimate after much attention, he received a portion of food every two and a half minutes during the day, which appeared to consist of worms and grubs. The black bird probably weighed twice as much as both blue-birds, and when it opened its capacious mouth to receive the food, it seemed as though its kind friends were in imminent danger of being swallowed whole. The blue-birds appeared alternately with the food and lit down a few feet in front of the bird on the fence, and viewed with apparent astonishment the extended mouth of the young one for a second, then hopping up deposited the food, then as quick back to the first position,

regarding for another second with marks of satisfaction the object of charity, and then away for a new supply.

In a few days the young bird found the use of its wings, and was followed from tree to tree upon the premises by its faithful providers, for nearly a week: it had by that time learned to find its own food; and soon it fell in company with some of its own kith and kin, and I could recognize it no more. Whether it ever returned to express its gratitude to its foster parents, we have never learned.

Many of my neighbors could testify to the above facts, as some of them called daily to see for themselves.

J. BRECK.

From Chambers' Journal.

MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

It is usual to trace the origin of great families to some gallant exploit, or some lucky accident, which suddenly raised the ancestor of the house from obscurity, and provided him at the same time with a legend to his coat of arms. The representatives of such families are born personages of history; their name, title, and estate—their position in the country—descending to them by inheritance, and so continuing from generation to generation, till war or revolution damages or removes the old landmarks of society. But there are other origins which it would be vain to endeavor to arrive at by a similar process; the origins of houses that rise steadily, not suddenly, in their peculiar career, and the success of which is not secured by a single incident, but distributed evenly over the lifetime of one or more generations. In such cases, the germ of prosperity must be sought for in the family mind—in the idiosyncrasy of the race—in the theory by which their conduct in the world is governed; and the first *accident*, which attracts the attention of the vulgar as the origin of their fortune, is merely a *point d'appui* selected by forethought and resolution. The rise of the house of Rothschild presents a very remarkable illustration of this view of a question which will never cease to be interesting, and affords a striking instance of the natural and simple means by which those vast results are obtained which it is customary to ascribe to chance or miracle.

In the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of

which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connections in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His *own* property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for "the honest Jew" in the way of raising public loans.

The "honest Jew," unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated. Rothschild must have already been eminent as a banker, or he would hardly have been selected by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel as the depositary of a sum amounting, it is said, to £50,000, exclusively of the jewels. At any rate, it was in the year 1801 he was appointed agent to the landgrave, afterwards Elector of Hesse; and in the next year (indicated in the story as that of the

prince's return) a loan of ten millions was contracted with the Danish court through the house of Rothschild. Before this—and necessarily so no doubt—his knowledge, and the tried rectitude of his conduct, had gained him general confidence; his wealth had increased, and an enormous extension of the field of his operations had taken place. The fact appears to be, that by this time the banker of Frankfort was more in the habit of rendering assistance than of requiring it; and the grand duke of the day, to whom the Israelites owed their civic and political rights, nominated him a member of the electoral college, expressly as a reward for his generous services to his fellow-citizens.

The personal character of Meyer Anselm Rothschild is not of small consequence in the history of the house—for their dead father may be said to direct to this hour the operations of his children! In every important crisis he is called into their counsels; in every difficult question his judgment is invoked; and when the brothers meet in consultation, the paternal spirit seems to act as president. The explanation of this well-known and most remarkable trait in the family is not difficult to those who are in the habit of penetrating through the veil of the romantic, in order to arrive at the simple realities of life. The elder Rothschild was obviously a man of comprehensive intellect, who did not act on the spur of chance or necessity, but after mature reflection, and on rules distinctly laid down; and he must have brought up his children in a certain theory, which survived his mortal part, and became identified with his memory. This is the only *idolum* conjured by the piety of his descendants. His bearing, we are told, was tranquil and unassuming; and although a devout man, according to his views of religion, his devotion was so completely untinged with bigotry, that in his charities he made no distinction between the Jew and the Christian.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers sharing equally in the results. The other great principle of their conduct is one which actuates all prudent men, and is only deserving of special remark in them, from the almost mechanical regularity with which it was acted upon—this was the determination never to run the slightest risk in pursuit of great profits. Their grand object was to see clearly each transaction to its termination, to secure themselves from all accidents that human forethought could avert, and to be satisfied with a reasonable and ordinary reward. The plan acted in a twofold manner. By husbanding their capital, they

were enabled to take advantage of a thousand recurring commissions, so as to extend their connection day by day; while their habitual caution earned for them a reputation of solidity, which, united with their real wealth, carried their credit to a pitch which would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to less steady intellects. Credit, however, was no snare to them. They affected no master-strokes—no *coups d'état*. They would have used the lamp of Aladdin, not to summon genii, but to light their steps as they toiled on in the path of genii. The only secrets by which they obtained their choice of innumerable offers of business, were the moderation of their demands—the punctual fulfilment of their engagements—and the simplicity and clearness of their system. In short, the house of Rothschild became great because its affairs were conducted upon the most perfect system of mercantile tactics, and because the character of its members, partaking largely of that of the original banker of Frankfort, combined many of those amiable qualities which secure popularity without forfeiting respect. They sought to make money by skill and industry, not parsimony; they gave a liberal share of their profits to all whose services were of use in attaining them; and their hand—

“Open as day to melting charity”—

doubled the value of the gift by the grace with which it was presented—the grace impressed upon the external manner by a simple and kindly heart.

We may now mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the mean time enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the “Conversations Lexicon,” that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred million florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were

raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive "of those sums for the allied courts, of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing." This, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the house of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present elector, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818, they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822) the same honor was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyor, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the chancellor of the exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorizing the Bank of England to extend its issues.

Most of the members of this family have married, and live in great splendor here or on the continent; and it must be observed, as something characteris-

tic of the race, that their choice of wives has usually been a good one. In London, where we know them best, the widow of Baron Nathan is held in great esteem for her inexhaustible charity, in the course of which, we observe by the newspapers, she has contributed largely towards the formation of an educational institution for children of the Christian faith. Her sister, the lady of Sir Moses Montefiore, is popularly known as a suitable help-mate for her philanthropic partner. The sister of Baron Nathan, widow of the brother of Sir Moses Montefiore, is likewise well known for her liberality, and more especially for the large funds she has bestowed on the establishment of schools for all religious denominations.

But there is another female of this remarkable family whom we must mention in a special manner, and with her name we conclude. She is the widow of the banker of Frankfort, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of those flourishing men who are now rising proudly among the aristocracy of Europe. The following notice of this venerable and venerated lady we take from "*Les Matinées du Samedi*" of G. Ben Levi. "In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains on the window are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

"The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, 'Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first story?' This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—'In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children.'

"Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort; but their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where those sons come to visit her with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father, thus presenting bright examples for the present time."

From the Examiner.

LAMARTINE.

THE French are a people of singular susceptibilities, and attach in too many instances much more importance to the form than to the reality. The citizens of Paris held aloof, a fortnight back, and allowed the populace to overthrow not only a monarchy erected by the citizens, but also to instal in its place a government consisting either of operatives or of persons directly representing them. The *bourgeoisie* looked quietly on, whilst the class below them broke into the hall of the legislature, and shattered along with the throne all the institutions founded in 1815 and 1830.

The good citizens said nothing. Nor did they say anything when the entire class of functionaries was changed, nor when the banks were stopped and credit suspended, nor when wealthy foreigners were driven from the capital, nor when universal suffrage was promulgated. None of these things stirred the citizens of Paris. But when the provisional government risked the further bold step of interfering with the shakos and *pompons* of the uniform of the national guard—when it decreed, in the spirit of republican levelling, that the grenadier's cap offended against the great law of equality; and when they threatened to deprive the tall citizen, not of his head, but of his head-dress, then the Parisians rebelled. The national guard got up, first a club, and then an *émeute*. All national guards of grenadier or light companies gave each other rendezvous before the Hotel de Ville, and resolved to take it and the provisional government by storm. The popular bands of Ledru Rollin were however ready, and refused passage to the national guard. The consequence was a fearful scene in the interior of the seat of magistracy, the moderates reproaching Ledru Rollin, and demanding his resignation, he declining to take any such step, but making a move to appeal from the window to the people. Mutual threats and recriminations took place, pistols were presented. But the honest men and the rogues have agreed on peace for the moment, Ledru Rollin insisting on the abrogation of the grenadier *bonnet-à-poil*. In short, it is to be feared that the representative of the mob had the best of the conflict. It is ludicrous that so serious a scene should have arisen out of such a trifle as the prohibition of grenadiers' caps.

The remonstrances against Ledru Rollin's famous circular are of the same nature. The gross oppression inculcated in it, if not so distinctly expressed, might have been tolerated. There was no voice raised against the minister or his agents assuming unlimited and revolutionary authority, and turning every *mairie* and every department upside down. The crime lay in his saying that this should be done, and that his agents had a right to do it.

This French worship of phrase, and respect of form, is the great secret of the immense popularity of Lamartine. Not even in Mirabeau were democratic sentiments and spirit concentrated in so gen-

tlemanly a form. In Lamartine all the ideas of the very latest popular philosophy are to be found, expressed with the oldest traditional courtesy. His manifestos and addresses never offend the tasteful, or alarm the timid. In Lamartine the middle class put faith. And yet there is not one who has a more thorough contempt for the *bourgeoisie* as a ruling class than he. He expresses this sentiment over and over again in his "Girondins;" in which both Mirabeau and Robespierre, the representatives of noblesse and people, find more favor in his eyes than Lafayette, the hero of the *bourgeoisie*.

Strange to say, the very lowest classes the armed bands, show more respect for Lamartine than for his colleagues. When they crowded into the Hotel de Ville on the first day's sitting of the provisional government, they listened to his voice when they disregarded the injunctions of their own nominees. And this forms one of the great sources of hope at present.

It is evident that the general taste repudiates any return even to the forms of the old republic. The attempt to replace *Monsieur* by *Citoyen* has utterly failed. Since that, the decree abolishing titles of honor has failed also. Aristocracy and its modes all ran away in affright in 1793, or were trodden into republican mud beneath the scaffold. But gentlemanly feelings and habits are now those not of a class, but of almost a whole people, and the whole people refuse to abandon them. M. Dupont de l'Eure may preside over the palace of the Luxembourg, and install the operatives in the peers' seats; but not a soul comes to pay court to old Dupont. The temple of the republican Jugernaut has not a votary, whilst that of fashionable republicanism in Lamartine's residence is thronged. And were he to give a *fête*, all Paris would rush to it, and worship in its brilliancy another of the *meilleur des Républiques*.

From the Examiner.

FALLEN GREATNESS.

THERE has been a great effusion of maudlin cant about fallen greatness, and, for our own parts, we have had our share of reproaches for not having shown due respect to fallen greatness! We protest that the charge is utterly groundless, and that we are quite ready to respect the greatness that has fallen, provided we can discover it. But the due distinction is not made between fallen greatness and a great fall. It does not follow that a man is great because he throws himself down from a great height. A man of ordinary dimensions, who throws himself from the top of the Shakspeare Cliff, is not great when he gets to the bottom; and if he chances to fall on your head, he certainly does not obtain your respect or sympathy in the slightest degree.

We confess that we have no particular admiration of falls, especially of those which happen in culpable attempts. It was but the other day that a thief fell through a skylight in pilfering lead, and

was dashed to pieces, but no one mistook the case for fallen greatness, for the meanness of the man's condition prevented any false views of his mishap.

If we have not had reason to respect a man while holding the loftiest station, with the best opportunities for good, we see not why we should begin to respect him when, for the worst mischief, he casts himself from it to headlong ruin.

Pity is claimed for reverse of fortune; but in the ordinary affairs of life we do not observe that compassion is bestowed on reverses of fortune without any regard to the circumstances causing the reverse. There is but one stage on which the ruin incurred in criminal attempts is sure of a tender sympathy. Dryden indeed wrote of

"The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due,"

but we have changed all that now-a-days; and mischiefs, so that they are mighty enough, have not only a plenary pardon, but a certain homage. It was not so on Napoleon's downfall. His allowance of aristocratic sympathy was as niggardly and mean as his rations of meat and drink. But he was a plebeian.

How extremes meet! how complete is the conformity between the conduct of the publicans and tide-waiters at Newhaven, and exalted personages elsewhere, hastening to render mingled condolences and congratulations. With the humble class it is partly arrant sycophancy, and partly that vulgar delight in familiarity with any notoriety that would make them as ready to touch the hand of a Thurtell or Greenacre as that of an exiled despot; but what is the feeling actuating the other class? Is it at bottom a sympathy with the despotic tendencies? It certainly is not mere sympathy with misfortune, for exiles who have uprightly served just causes have not had any share of it. Be it what it may, the great body of the public witness it with dislike and displeasure. They fully grant the claim to shelter, but no more; any appearances of countenance they deem undue, and discreditable to the country. This line of conduct may, however, be liable to the objection that it accords not with the Christian obligation to love one's enemies; and seeing that the removal of the late king from the throne has forthwith restored the good understanding between the two countries, as if nothing else had stood between them, the Christian rule may certainly require on our parts exceeding love of Louis Philippe. And to add to his claims on this ground, there is not a person with any stake in the country of any sort or kind, who does not feel the securities for what he possesses, and for the fortunes of those who will come after him, impaired by the great convulsion which Louis Philippe's misrule has brought about. In ruining his own house he has shaken the stability of all others. He has let loose troubles for all the world.

He should have taken pattern by the King of the Flying Island in Laputa. That wise monarch used to punish malcontent subjects by letting down the flying island to crush them, but he always per-

formed this operation with the greatest tenderness, not lowering down the island violently on their heads, but gradually grinding them down with it, giving out that he proceeded so from his extreme repugnance to severity, but really, as Gulliver explains, because the foundation of the realm was very infirm, and his majesty feared damaging it by too abrupt a collision with the people's heads.

Charles the Xth, with 12,000 bayonets, sank before the Paris populace. The discovery was soon complacently made that the failure was owing to his want of force. Louis Philippe has made a similar attempt, with 100,000, with the same result; and "more powder more kill" is still the argument, and his overthrow is ascribed to his want of resolution, not to the resolution that was opposed to him. If Louis Philippe had not firmness enough for his evil enterprise, we suspect the conclusion to be drawn is that no monarch can be found possessed of the boldness necessary to putting down a thoroughly malcontent and highly-spirited people. But there are some persons disposed to believe that the thing was feasible; for there are minds that always read the lessons of experience backwards, and that still fondly cling to the belief that armed might could have prevailed. Their faith in the bullet and the bayonet is inexhaustible. They would demonstrate to you how Pharaoh would have succeeded in his pursuit by carrying a higher hand. But somehow or other, happily for the world, the saying of Euripides is everlastingly applicable, that when heaven dooms a man *τον νυν εβλαψε πρωτον*. And the talk of what might have been done if a certain wanting quality had been present, is but tantamount to calculating what the man might have done if the man had not been the man he was; in which case he would never have made the attempt. If Louis Philippe had had the high courage necessary for his evil enterprise, the probability is that he would not have had the heart for it; for the generous qualities are in close affinity, and magnanimity is of near relation to bravery and constancy. The intense selfishness that prompted Louis Philippe's faults was incompatible with resolution in the hour of danger. As for seventeen years he had thought of nothing but making himself great, so in the crisis of his fate he thought of nothing but making himself safe. Self was the uppermost, or rather the only consideration. He had never had any higher vocation than self and sons, a sort of Dombey firm; and with the first demand for a particle of devotion, for an atom of chivalry as big as the pin's head that serves him for a heart, the man was off, taking care of self, and shrouding the precious thing in a dirty blouse. But to complete the disguise, he assumed over all a "fear-nought coat"—a *fear-nought*! disguise indeed!

Again, we shall be told we are hard, harsh, unsparing. Our answer is, that in these times heinous political offences should be subjected to the rigor of opinion. Heads are no longer taken; impeachment is a name. The only punishment for offences fraught with consequences the most

terrible to the world, is the punishment of the moral judgment—"Thus didst thou."

Remit this punishment, and the state malefactor has nothing to fear; if he succeed in his iniquitous attempt, he has his satisfaction that way; if he fail, he has a retreat not to be profaned by a syllable of truth, and the welcome of one who has not lost a particle of claim to the world's honor and respect. Against this we protest. Faults and offences in politics affect in their turn the fortunes and prospects of every member of society; and in proportion to the terrible effects of them should be the moral responsibility. They are prudently spared the edge of the axe, but they shall not be spared the not less sharp edge of the truth.

From the Spectator.

AN act of true heroism should not pass unnoticed, in any age. The ex-queen of the French, who, in spite of the errors and unpopularity of her husband's government, has always preserved the respect of the French people, from her sincere piety and virtues, was, it is well known, most adverse to her husband assuming the sceptre.

How is the case changed now! Her arm supported the tottering old man, after his abdication, to the carriage which was in attendance: her courage alone sustained him. This is well known; but it is not so generally understood that she would have prevented his abdicating at all, and, while others were giving the most fatal counsel, she alone knelt before the king with the heroic words, "C'est le devoir d'un roi de mourir parmi son peuple." Though not much of a poet, I have endeavored to fix public attention on a circumstance which I think deserves neither to be overlooked nor forgotten.

The scene to which I have made allusion, and which I have the best authority for believing to be founded strictly on fact, occurred on the morning of the 24th of February. So rapid and unforeseen was the flight of the royal family, that although they were assembled to take their déjeuner à la fourchette at the usual time, before an hour had elapsed not one of them was left in the Tuileries. Not only did the queen remonstrate; it is stated that the officers in command were confident of the fidelity and honor of the army. Thus the weakness of a moment may imperil the destinies of the world!

LINES TO THE EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

GENTLEST of mothers! on that fatal day

When Orleans, still uncrowned, in bitter doubt
 Was weakly yielding, thine was it to stay

Ambition's voice, and hush the maddening shout
 Of bad excitements; thine 't was to shut out

All from thy husband's breast but one small voice,

The voice of conscience and of truth: without

Such aids, saidst thou, ill fortune guides thy choice.

Oh! had he hearken'd then, well might he now rejoice.

But 't was not so; for statecraft gained the day,

And she who now reposes in the grave*—

Peace to her ashes!—o'er thy lord held sway,

And men cried out, "Magnanimous and brave!"

The softer counsel which affection gave

Unheeded past; and, haply, out of sight,

Thou shedd'st thy tears—all impotent to save,

But future witnesses, when known aright,

Of virtue's modest ways, which shun day's garish light.

Old ocean thus, in calm and placid mood,

Is softest of imaginable things,

In peaceful glory, by no zephyrs woo'd,

Whereto, as to a mirror, nature brings

Bright forms, and there reflects the spreading wings

Of myriad argosies; there in his joy

The giddy schoolboy makes his mimic rings—

Emblems, which still the poet may employ,

Of that vain glory which attain'd begins to cloy.

Yet can this self-same ocean, toss'd on high,

Be fierce and direful as devouring flame,

Raising his tumid billows to the sky,

And threatening heaven itself—the very frame

Of earth now yields—the floods their empire claim;

Is this the lake which but of late we knew

Reposing sweetly, spiritless and tame,

Fair as a sleeping beauty—gentle too—

Which now its wrath so dire would give us cause
 to rue!

Noblest of queens! not altered less thy mien

In the last crisis of thy destiny,

When thou erect and firm alone wert seen,

Thy husband's stay, no tear upon thine eye!

Thou could'st the anger of the mob defy;

Age had not bowed thy spirit nor thy heart;

For conscious virtue can on self rely.

When coward counsels spoke the word, "*Depart,*"

'T was thou, and thou alone, couldst act a heroine's part.

Dastardly spirits! couldst thou say to those,

Even to thy children, kneeling round the throne,

Who rather timid wavering counsels chose

Than the proud conduct which was all thine own—

Better to die a monarch, and alone,

By treacherous friends deserted, than to fly!

Like Cæsar, thou the height of power hast known;

Dare then, like him, each traitor to defy,

And learn, like Cæsar too, with dignity to die.

Naples, fair land of luxury and ease!

Where pleasure dwells, and virtues stern decay,

Where the bright vineyards and the placid seas

Teach a degenerate race to while away

Their wanton hours, and waste the livelong day—

Blithe self-sown children of the teeming earth—

Oh! 'mid a race so thoughtless and so gay,

If test of excellence be moral worth,

France may well envy thee at least one heroine's birth.

* Madame Adelaide.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

WE have lately been much interested by an examination of specimens of artificial marble, sandstone, conglomerate, and other mineral productions made by a lady.*

Curious and useful discoveries may be arranged in three classes. first, those which are the result of mere accident, and therefore reflect no honor on those by whom they are made: and second, those made by a new application of known principles or facts, reflecting on the discoverer all the honor due to superior acuteness of mind, and a fine perception of the connection between cause and effect; the third and highest class are those resulting from a preconceived idea, wrought out to demonstration by pure force of reasoning and experiment, which is, in fact, just tangible reasoning.

To this last class belongs the discovery we are about to notice. So far back as 1840, Mrs. Marshall was struck with the odd idea, that the animal and vegetable remains so universally found in the second and tertiary strata might, by a chemical or electric influence exerted upon the disintegrated particles of these rocks, have been the cause of their aggregation.

Between the first rude outline of this idea and the realization of Mrs. Marshall's wishes, five years, and upwards of ten thousand experiments, intervened. Many of these were forbidden in their detail, and others requiring truly scientific patience to complete; but the whole result has been a satisfactory demonstration that if the constituents of any mineral body of which lime forms a part be mixed in their true proportions, (the lime used being free from carbon in any form,) and these mixed with animal and vegetable remains, under circumstances of due moisture and heat, aggregation of their particles will take place at periods varying with the substances under experiment, from a few minutes, to hours, weeks, and months; and these artificial aggregations (allowing for absence of time, and the incalculable amount of superincumbent pressure present in the natural phenomena) come so undeniably near, in appearance and qualities, to the products of nature, as to throw a totally new and interesting light on some of her hitherto most mysterious operations.†

There are two problems which have justly been considered by geologists as among the most difficult in their science; the one is, that the nodules in strata containing fossils, particularly crustaceans, relics, contain more lime—taking size for size—than the intervening spaces in the beds. The natural conclusion at first sight is, that the surplus lime accrues from the osseous fabric of the organism. But investigation proves that there is more lime contained in the whole nodule than this will

* Mrs. Marshall, formerly of Manchester, now of Edinburgh. This lady is authoress of several popular works for children, on which, at the time they appeared, we frequently drew for the amusement and instruction of our young readers.

† We would be understood as not prepared to sanction the geological speculation here involved, though we decide on allowing the writer to state his own convictions.—Ed.

account for. Mrs. Marshall's experiments and specimens show that bone or recent shell, has more than any other portion of the animal frame, a power of attracting or of *condensing* lime, while a counter power is exerted by the lime of hardening or solidifying the bone. This of course acts more powerfully and obviously when the bone and the lime come in immediate contact, as in the nodules of the crustaceous fossils, than in the case of the vertebrata, where the integuments interpose like a screen. Thus if portions of bone, or recent shells, be placed in a heap of sulphate of lime, or of magnesia thoroughly free from carbonic acid, with a very small proportion of vegetable matter added, and the heap so prepared be kept in circumstances of moisture, the parts in contact with the bone will first begin to harden or condense, and this action will gradually radiate to an extent corresponding to the size and form of the osseous matter, while at the same time the bone, even the soft cellular portion, becomes hard and stone-like. The very same effect is produced by and on coral; for not only does the lime harden in an extraordinary degree round the coral, but in the same ratio the latter loses its dull opaque, and becomes semi-transparent. Whether "countless ages" would bring these to a perfect resemblance of natural fossils, it is hard to say; but a year and a half has sufficed to render them extremely curious, and worthy of attention. The experiments conducted with the constituents of sandstone and lias lead to the very same results, but much more slowly than in the pure lime.

The other problem to which we allude is this: From what cause has it arisen that many mineral substances, and even whole strata, are found identical in the nature and proportions of their constituents, yet totally different in their lithological structure? Such is the stratum frequently above coal and lime, and both above, and mingled with, sandstone. Mrs. Marshall's experiments show that if a mass in imitation of such mineral bodies be prepared, and one part of it left at perfect rest, while the other is agitated or disturbed, the one will harden in a few hours or days into a substance not distinguishable by the eye from the natural stone, and capable of resisting water and weather; while the latter will take as many weeks to harden, and then present a mass which readily degrades by exposure to either. The experiment may be varied thus:—Such masses always *set* or harden from the centre outwards; allow the mass to set till within half an inch of the surface; disturb what remains, and the result will be, that on making a section, the centre will be found hard enough to take a fine polish, while the outer crust will be a mere crumbling mass of chalk or sand.

Mr. Hugh Miller, in his "Old Red Sandstone," conjectures that the curious outstriking of colors which here and there occurs in that and some other formations, may have arisen from the action of decaying animal matter. Not only is this completely proved by this lady's experiment, but what Mr. Miller seems not to have once suspected, that decaying *vegetable* matter has the same effect; and doubtless to this, rather than animal, are owing the

more curious and grotesque forms in which these white and gray stains appear.

We were particularly interested by one specimen, in which, with the view of solving two problems by one experiment, there had been laid down upon the surface, while yet fluid, a few of the delicately-rounded leafstalks of the *Fucus vesiculosus*; of these some had sunk only half, and others wholly, under the surface. In course of time the vegetable matter shrinks to a film that can be blown out with the breath, and there then remains in the mimic stratum perforations which are lined with white, presenting the most perfect resemblance to those mysterious worm-like borings which occur in the face of compact limestone, and have given rise to so much discussion.

The specimens are divided into two classes—the one terrestrial, and the other marine. We are inclined to consider the latter decidedly the more interesting and curious. Patents for Britain and foreign countries have been taken for the use of this discovery. But we confess that, as devoted utilitarians, we feel a far deeper interest in the economic than in the merely scientific results of this discovery, curious and important though they be. Upon the principle developed, two most valuable and entirely new architectural cements have been compounded—the one pure white, the other of a greenish-gray or sage color.

The first, after the trial of years, has proved itself a certain cure for all the damp arising from porosity, or presence of sea salt in building stone, or from want of honesty in building even with good material—a cause for damp, we regret to say, fully more common than the two former.

It is not easy, on any known or alleged theory, to account for this quality in the cement; but the fact is incontrovertible. We have seen walls in sunk flats (done with it more than two years ago) which had been streaming with damp, noxious and offensive in its effluvia, so as to be quite uninhabitable, rendered perfectly dry, and the apartments offering a peculiarly comfortable sensation to the feelings on entering, as if a fire had recently been in them. This arises from the intonuea* being such a remarkably slow conductor of heat, that the atmosphere in all apartments plastered with it is kept at an even temperature—warm in winter, and cool in summer; whereas common lime, being a very rapid conductor of heat, speedily robs the air of all warmth in winter, and throws in great heat in summer—effects which we but partially obviate by covering it with paint or paper.

This cement also resists fire to a very high degree. Half an inch depth of it has been known to protect lath from intense fire for two hours; and even when it reaches the wood, neither flame nor spark is ever emitted—it merely smoulders slowly into a light-white ash. The cement does not, even under a red heat, crack or fly off from the wall; but if water be thrown upon it at this time, its substance and cohesion are destroyed, and it requires removal.

*Mrs. Marshall has given this name to her cement—it is simply the Italian word for wall-plaster.

Dissatisfied with this result, the indefatigable experimentalist applied herself to making new combinations, and a few months since succeeded in perfecting a cement combining all the good qualities of the white with the additional advantage (a grand desideratum indeed!) of remaining perfectly uninjured by water thrown upon it, even when at a full red heat. If a common brick, covered with one eighth inch of it, be thrown into the heart of a large fire, and brought to a red heat, and from the fire be thrown into a bucket of water, it will neither crack nor fly from the surface, and when dried, will bear no mark of injury, smoke and dirt excepted. Care must be taken, in laying on the cement, that no opening to the brick be left, otherwise the brick itself will rend on meeting the water.

The advantages of a cement like this, both in domestic and trade architecture, are too obvious to require argument or demonstration. If floors and ceilings be formed of it, fire may be confined to the apartment in which it originates, instead of penetrating, as in so many deplorable cases it has recently done, both in this city and Glasgow, with the rapidity of lightning, from one story to another, upwards and downwards, through whole ranges of building. And when extinguished, no repair will be required but that occasioned by the removal of smoke and wet ashes.

Both these cements harden and dry in so short a time that houses or apartments done with them may be inhabited in a fortnight after the plasterers have finished. No noxious exhalation—as from common plaster—or lurking damp remains in them, to injure health or property; and this alone is an immense benefit in cases of alterations, particularly in shops. They both take paint or paper the moment they are dry. But for all unpretending apartments, or for lobbies and staircases, no color more beautiful or appropriate than that of the gray cement itself could be desired. It is considerably cheaper than the white; but this matter we refer to the manufacturer. It is, however, one of deep importance to the public, that anything preventing the scourge of fire and of damp should be brought within the reach of those building or repairing for the masses, at such a price as to remove all excuse for not using it; and here we would remark, that the rapid and thorough drying of these cements throws a large amount of saved rent to the credit side, which should be considered as reducing the expense of it. We have included damp, along with fire, as a scourge; indeed, we consider it very decidedly the severer of the two; nay, we are prepared to hold that in towns it is more the promoter of death than all other causes united—not to name the misery and discomfort it entails on life. We speak of the dirt of the habitations of the poor; but damp and dirt are indissoluble in their companionship: and how often, by the cruel Pandemonium-like window-tax, is the evil deepened and (without a pun) darkened to the industrious poor, whose very means of existence is often connected with a free access of the blessed light of heaven to the scene of daily toil!

We have already exceeded our space, or we would refer at length to the boundless variety and importance of the uses to which these cements may be applied. On our table, at this moment, are most delicately-beautiful medallions, executed in white on colored grounds; specimens of marble, splendid in coloring and polish; and pieces of granite and other stones, rugged from the quarry, united by it with most extraordinary firmness.

From Chambers' Journal.

MOROCCO.

Few persons in Europe are aware of the extraordinary policy of the emperors of Morocco, and few therefore were prepared for the solid support received by the Sultan Abd-er-Rahman from his subjects when attacked by so formidable an enemy as Abd-el-Kader had proved himself, by his religious and military prestige, as much as by his unbounded activity and energy.

The policy, however, which has made the fortune of the Edrisite dynasty, has at all times been a very simple one—namely, with foreign powers, no relations, complete isolation; and at home, *alliance with all the great families of the kingdom*. This double line of conduct explains the existence and the strength (if “union is strength”) of the empire of Morocco. Let us enter more fully into the particulars of this twofold system, the originality of which will not fail to surprise those of our readers who may not be familiar with the ideas and principles of Oriental monarchies.

Morocco, in its geographical position, stands almost isolated. It is bounded on the west by the Atlantic, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Algeria, which, up to the period of the French conquest, seventeen years ago, counted as nothing; and on the south by the Desert, and different tribes who obey no form of government. It was not difficult, therefore, for the founders and successors of the dynasty of Morocco to enclose themselves in a moral manner within a species of insurmountable barrier—that is to say, to have no relation with foreign powers. This they have done. No commerce, no diplomacy. They have imprisoned themselves in their own country; they have lived, and made their subjects live, in a perpetual enclosure, the country sufficing, by its own resources, for the few wants of its inhabitants. What has been the result of this singular policy? That this monarchy has had to engage in no foreign wars, and thus has been enabled to consolidate itself without fear of any dangerous foe.

Being unapproachable by enemies from without, they have turned their thoughts to avoiding hostility in their own territories, and the following is the plan they have adopted for centuries:—

Since the foundation of the dynasty, every reigning monarch has taken a wife from every important family of the country. Any of those who have reigned twenty or thirty years, like the two last sovereigns, Molei-Sleinau and Molei-Abd-er-Rahman, have numbered two or three thousand wives from the great families alone. At the present moment, Abd-er-Rahman has no less than seven

hundred lawful consorts—namely, two hundred at Morocco, two hundred at Mecknez, and three hundred at Fez. It is to this multitude of ladies, whose support is ruinous, that the low state of the imperial treasury must in a great measure be attributed. Let it not be imagined that these are unhappy concubines, kidnapped by the eunuchs for the seraglio; they are seven hundred daughters of the great families of the empire, who wait for and desire a fruitful marriage, to return then to their paternal home, with a young cherif, son of the sultan! The result of this matrimonomania is, that the emperors, when they reach the age of sixty, like Abd-er-Rahman, can number hundreds of male children fit to carry arms, thousands of grandsons, and thousands of nephews and grand-nephews. If you unite this little army, which derives its blood, its life, from one single source—the fathers-in-law, brothers-in-law, the cousins to the sixth degree inclusively—you will arrive at the strange but positive conclusion, that of eight millions of subjects, one million of individuals belong by the strongest ties to the reigning dynasty.

This may seem monstrous, but it is nevertheless the exact truth. There are whole towns and districts whose inhabitants are offshoots of the imperial family. Thus all the Chourfas of Taflet are cousins, in various degrees, of the emperor. We can mention a fact which confirms, in an undeniable manner, all we have now stated. When General Delarue was about to define the boundaries of the eastern part of Morocco, he ceded a portion of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh people to the emperor. Sidi-Homza, chief (sheikh) of this tribe, solicited Abd-er-Rahman to admit one of his daughters into his harem, as a pledge of his faithful alliance with his new master.

But the imperial policy does not stop here. All those with whom the emperor, from peculiar considerations, cannot form connections by ties of blood, such as Moors, Jews, and Christians, if they be of any weight, he chains to his chariot by the link of commerce, of which he reserves to himself the exclusive monopoly. He not only gives to some the privilege of buying and selling such and such an article in such and such a port, but he constitutes himself their banker, and lends them the money necessary for their trade. Some of these loans have amounted to £80,000. When the Prince de Joinville bombarded Mogador, he was told that the merchants of that place owed £800,000 to the emperor.

Here, then, is a man who holds in his hands, either by relationship or by interest, almost all the chief resources of his kingdom. His patronage and his strength are increased by the prestige of holiness which he derives from his titles of “Lineal descendant of the Prophet,” and the “Head of Islamism in the West.” At the hour of need, he could also count on the valuable assistance of the order of *Moulei-Taieb*, a religious association, as powerful as it is numerous, and whose chief, being invested with the privilege of sanctioning the nomination of the emperors, is necessarily, from his position, devoted to the existing dynasty.

CHAPTER III.—A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

ALL looked towards the door. There stood a tall pale man, watching, with eyes that seemed somewhat tearful, the movements of the little child. When he saw that he was observed, the color came into his face, and his brow contracted as with the effort to suppress some strong emotion; he did not advance immediately—he even appeared to hesitate for a moment whether he should advance at all; but he had not more than one moment allowed him for hesitation; the next, the arms of his sister Ellenor were clasped closely about his neck, and her lips were pressed to his, and her tears were falling fast over his cheeks, as she murmured, brokenly but joyfully—

"My own—own, darling Percy!"

The observant Mr. Coniston paid great attention to this little scene, and it did not escape him that the first welcome which Percy Lee received to his long-left home, was also by many degrees the warmest. When he came forward into the room, with one arm still twined round Ellenor's waist, his brother John met him with a cordial, but rather embarrassed shake of the hand, accompanied by a doubtful side glance at Miss Melissa, who coldly offered her cheek for a salute, muttering at the same time that it was "a great deal too much for her, and she did n't think she should ever get over it." Alexander's politeness was as distant as though they had only been introduced the day before. The manner of Percy Lee himself was quiet, perhaps a little deprecatory, but perfectly self-possessed after the first moment; he did not betray agitation till he touched the extended hand of Mr. Becket, whom on his entrance he had not perceived. Then, indeed, he seemed much moved—his impulse was to kneel and ask a blessing—nay, yet further, to kiss that venerated hand, and weep upon it like a child; but nevertheless he only wrung it with a somewhat tremulous pressure, and walked hastily to the ottoman on which Ellenor had now seated herself, with the golden-haired Ida on her lap, contentedly submitting to her lavish caresses.

Whatever might have been the cause of so frigid and awkward a reception, there seemed to be an universal determination on all sides to assume an appearance of ease and friendliness as soon as possible; perhaps there was not one at whose heart the voices of childhood and of home were not silently pleading. For all possess in a measure (that is, all who are not utterly reprobate) that inner light which was first kindled in the cradle-days; in some it has been confined, and stifled, and repressed, till it burns feebly, and scarce perceptibly, so that you can barely say, "it is there!"—in others it has been fostered and cherished till its rays have penetrated to the outermost layer of the heart, making the whole transparent, and glowing with the emanations of the central fire, which is love itself.

Nevertheless, it was a relief to all when they separated to dress for dinner, and to establish the children in the rooms prepared for them. Little

Ida, who did not seem to have a particle of shyness in her composition, was soon perfectly at her ease with her young cousins, specially attaching herself, however, to Frederick, whose gentle voice and manner were very winning to a young child. She sat on his knee in the window of their parlor, and prattled to him of the long voyage, and the wide sea which made her giddy by its ceaseless movement, and the stars which had looked so bright in the darkness, like a multitude of calm, kind eyes watching over her; and the restless, rocking vessel, with its tall spars making a maze of ever-changing lines against the sky; and the rough sailors, who had been all gentleness to her; and the ladies who had petted her, and the gentlemen who had played with her, and the dear, dear papa who had been always there to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy.

"Godfrey," said Frederick, "do you remember the story of that king, Midas, who turned every thing he touched into gold?"

"To be sure I do," returned Godfrey.

"Well, I think Ida is like King Midas."

A burst of laughter from Alexander greeted this remark, calling the quick blood into the cheek of poor Frederick, who instantly began to think that he had said something very ridiculous, and lost all power to explain, or even define to himself his real meaning. A great deal of elaborate quizzing followed; sundry small articles, such as penknives, balls of string, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c., were brought to the puzzled Ida, that she might touch them by way of experiment; for, as Alexander dictatorially announced, "it is only stupid people who believe what they can't prove;" and had it not been for the perfect good humor of the butt, it is more than probable that a civil war would have ensued in the nursery department.

When Mr. Coniston descended to the drawing-room he found Miss Melissa Lee alone. Like many weak persons, this lady was much addicted to a sort of promiscuous confidentialness, very troublesome to her friends. It was, in truth, a most inconvenient characteristic; trifles were invested with all the pomp of gratuitous secrecy, and matters of real moment revealed with a freedom, which was, to say the least of it, indiscreet, and in bad taste. In the same breath she would caution you not to repeat that *she* had said the weather was likely to change, and impart to you her suspicion that her nearest relative had been guilty of a fraud on the exchequer. Nor let such inconsistency be supposed unnatural—it is more than natural—it is nature itself. The sense of proportion, if I may so express it, seems, more than any other faculty of the soul, to depend upon discipline. The development of this sense in life and action is consistency; but where it is wanting, a whole mass of contradictions appears to be the necessary result. Miss Melissa Lee was therefore consistently inconsistent, and naturally unnatural; and all this simply because she was undisciplined. She was, however, a very good subject to fall into the hands of a judicious experimentalist, and Mr. Coniston did not fail to make the most of her.

By force of sympathizing with her nervous depression of the morning, and cordially agreeing in her wholesale condemnation of spoiled children, he soon elicited the very facts which he wanted to know.

"You see," said the lady, "it was very distressing to us all to meet my brother Percy again; you must have observed an awkwardness—indeed, it cannot have escaped you—so perhaps it is better to be candid at once, and say that there are circumstances connected with the past which rendered it a very painful meeting. He has not been what he ought to have been—he has been a great affliction to us all—and then he married very unhappily, and in direct opposition to my poor father's commands."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Coniston, gently. "Mrs. Percy Lee was a foreigner, was she not?"

"Yes; a Greek girl whom he fell in love with on his travels. Nothing could be more distressing; she was, of course, wholly uneducated, and not a Christian, that is to say, not a Protestant. His travelling at all was against poor mamma's wishes, but he was always so restless and unsettled, and this is what it led to. Worse even than her worst fears."

"I can feel for you," said the lawyer. "Pray of what profession is your brother?"

"Percy? Oh! it was intended that he should have gone into orders, but he was, I am sorry to say, very wild at college; in fact—of course you will never repeat this—he was rusticated; and so then he came home, and was idle for a long while. He had a great talent for drawing, and said he would spend his portion, that is, as much of it as was left, in a journey to Rome, that he might qualify himself to be an artist. Mamma opposed this; so in fact did we all; but Percy was always the sort of disposition to take up a notion violently, and carry everything before him. He was so enthusiastic, and yet so unstable; and, I suppose, contradiction made him more determined, and he went. When once he was out of England, and away from control, we heard no more of his studying to be an artist; in fact, it was not in his nature to study; he could not keep to any one purpose long enough, or steadily enough, he was always so wandering and irregular."

"Ah, poor fellow! I think you are a little hard on him," interposed uncle John, who had entered the room during this speech; "he is a genius, you know, and all that sort of thing, and one mustn't quite expect him to act by common rules. You and I, Melissa, may go on at an easy, comfortable jog-trot, but it's out of the question for Percy to do anything in a common way."

Miss Melissa Lee cast up her eyes and was silent, while her brother proceeded:—

"Besides, he had a right to take his pleasure in travelling, you know, because, when Ellenor married so well, she made him a present of her portion; he was always her favorite brother, and she could do just what she pleased with poor Aytoun."

"My dear John!" holding up her hands with a deprecatory gesture. "Even with your incau-

tion I should hardly have expected you to go so far as this. To mention a little private family arrangement of this nature! I hope, Mr. Coniston, you will have the kindness to be very careful in not suffering Percy to suspect that you know it. I would not have him aware of it, for the world. It would seem so *very* strange to him."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said good-natured uncle John, looking rebuked, "I am a desperately careless fellow. I never think of these things till it is too late. But I fancied you had been telling all the faults in the matter so fully, that there could be no harm in my telling the excuses."

There is no satire so keen as perfect simplicity.

"Besides," continued he, much troubled by his sister's pertinacious and obtrusive expression of mild distress, "I'm quite sure Percy wouldn't care a straw if all the world knew it; his is just the sort of disposition to proclaim an obligation, not to conceal it. Now Ellenor, on the contrary, *would* be very much annoyed. I think she would find it a little hard to forgive me for my indiscretion. She is not one of those who like to have their good deeds trumpeted. The only time she ever quarrelled with me was when I wrote her name at full length in a subscription list, which I thought there *could* be no harm in, (turning to Mr. Coniston,) because Melissa had just done the very same thing for herself."

"Oh!" cried the discomfited Melissa, with a short hysterical laugh, and quick flush of suppressed anger rising to her cheeks, "I'm sure I hate publicity as much as anybody, and rather more than poor dear Ellenor, I fancy, for *she* never was the least shy; but there are often circumstances which force one to go against one's nature, and you know, dear John, (looking at him as if she could have strangled him,) "I generally do as I am advised. But," she added, very hurriedly, seeing in her brother's face that he was about to express astonishment at that last assertion, and to explain with unmistakable clearness that she generally had her own way—"but all this must be very uninteresting to Mr. Coniston. I am really sorry that he should be bored with these petty details. What was it that you were asking me, Mr. Coniston?"

"I was inquiring," replied the lawyer, blandly, "in what capacity Mr. Percy Lee went to India."

"General Aytoun got him the appointment," said the lady. "He married, as I told you, and a very sad affair it was; he was bringing his bride home when, at Marseilles, he met General Aytoun and Ellenor on their way out, and the general had the power of offering him this appointment, and most kindly did so. Percy had no choice, for he literally had not a penny in the world, and there was not a day to be lost; he had not even the time allowed him to come on to England, but sailed for Malta by the same steamer which conveyed Ellenor and her husband."

"So you never saw your sister-in-law?" said Mr. Coniston.

"No, never, and perhaps it was as well; it would have been very painful *not* to welcome her

into the family: and yet, how could one have done so without insincerity? She was of course not a person with whom one could have had any feelings in common, though I believe she was very amiable, poor thing."

Perhaps Mr. Coniston thought that might be reason enough for her sister-in-law's having no feelings in common with her; he did not, however, express any such idea, but was about to seek a little more information, when Percy Lee himself entered from the garden accompanied by Mrs. Aytoun.

Did you ever, when weary and fevered with a night's festivity, turn from the sultry ball-room, and the noise of instruments, and the sickly glare of lamps, open the window wide, and let in a flood of fresh, quiet moonlight? Somewhat like this was it to turn from the face of Melissa, and look on that of her sister. And yet it was strange that it should be so, for there was not much difference in point of beauty, and Ellenor was decidedly the less intellectual of the two; only there was Love in the one face and Self in the other; therein perchance lay the secret of the contrast.

And what was the true history of that marriage which Melissa had been chronicling for the lawyer's benefit? for the *true history* of an event consists no more in the record of its outward lineaments, than the true history of a woman in the description of her complexion. The multitude are content to look upon the outer garment of a deed, and even wise men are for the most part satisfied with discovering that it has a real body; few are those who recognize the soul in it; fewer still, perhaps not more than one in a generation, who penetrate to the soul, and make acquaintance with it. Let us look at a few extracts from Percy Lee's journal, in the beautiful days of his youth.

"June 7th, 18—. —I have seen perfect beauty. Why is it that all things perfectly beautiful, whether in nature or art, have an air of melancholy when in repose, as though that were the expression which belonged to them, and to which they inevitably recur when not excited or disturbed? Is it that beauty is not of the earth, and that, whenever compelled to make her tabernacle here, she feels as a captive, and, in silence, sighs to be released? Oh, that I could paint what I have seen!—a profile, drawn as with a pencil of light against the violet sky, severe in feature, but soft as infancy in expression. She was kneeling to receive the blessing of a priest, who, with pale, venerable face and flowing garments, approached and placed his hand upon her head. Then she rose, and they walked away together, her large, wistful dark eyes lifted to his face, as she related to him some history, apparently sorrowful; for the unshed tears glistened on her eyelashes, and her voice faltered, while from time to time he interposed, as though giving consolation or advice. They paused, and he sat down: it was on the fragment of a prostrate column. She, half sitting, half kneeling at his feet, continued her narration, her slender fingers unconsciously busied, meanwhile, in pulling to pieces a red pomegranate flower which she held

in her hand. To the west the sun was sinking behind Mount Pentelicus, steeping in purple light the groves of pine and olive, through which the road wound upwards to the marble grotto; a clear stream, fringed with oleander and myrtle, broke out of the shadow, and came sparkling down the hill-side like a shower of gold, with a gushing, joyous sound like the laugh of a young child. What a picture! * *

"28th.—She does not love me; I think she is incapable of it. She loves nothing upon earth but the sick mother about whose bed she steals softly and beneficently as a guardian angel, and the good father who comes from his monastery in the shadow of the mountain to teach and comfort her, and the picture of the saint before which she kindles a small lamp every evening, and every morning hangs a fresh chaplet of campanulas, or wild aloe-flowers. What a life is this; and yet how happy does the soul seem in this garden of its captivity!—it makes music to itself in the solitude and darkness, like a caged bird that has never known freedom. Yet there must be intellect under the sculpture of that brow; there must be passion asleep in the depth of those unfathomable eyes. What would they say to her in England? I will win her if I serve seven years for it. * *

The other day I asked her why all the Greek female saints were painted in profile, while the men had full faces? She answered, looking up into my eyes, and speaking gravely and quietly, as she ever does when the subject of her religion is approached, 'That is because a manly faith ought to face the world boldly, while a woman must be modest and retiring even in her creed.' What a pupil she would be! Yet, is she not rather a teacher? I feel abashed in her absence when I think of her, for then I become conscious of the aimless frivolity of my life; but when she is present I am transformed, and lose all perception of myself, except as it exists in the thought and contemplation of her.—Letters from England again—nothing but reproaches, and appeals, and admonitions. I am weary of it all; I could find it in my heart to build a cottage in the shadow of the plane-trees, and never again see that land of restraints, and conventionalities, and semblances, where the tyranny of custom and the slavery of mere etiquette flaunt in the very face of that shallow mockery which we have enthroned and called freedom. Why must I fulfil the popular definition of industry? I am living most industriously the life of the heart, and the one sole duty which I omit is the duty of money-making; and why should I make what I do not want? But I am the *mauvais sujet* of the family—the black sheep in the fold; and my brothers sneer at me in their superior virtue, and my sisters make long faces and lament over me, and my mother—yes, even my mother—condemns me. And all this while, what have I done? If I love to feed the eyes and the soul rather than the body, is that a sin? But I will write no more; I will go and visit Ida. * *

"July 29th.—She is mine; but by what grief have I won her! I cannot write of it:—her mother

is dead. I stood at the foot of the bed, in the early morning; the sun had just risen out of the waters of the *Ægean*, and, shaking the drops from his refulgent tresses, was sending a flood of glory into the room. The window was thrown open, for through it they believe that the soul of the dying passes to heaven. She kneeled beside the pillow on which lay that quiet, untroubled face, and, with trembling hands, shut down the wan eyelids upon the pathetic vacancy of eyes once so eloquent with gentleness and affection. Then there was a low sound of suppressed weeping, and the voice of the aged monk faltered somewhat as he pronounced the simple words, 'Her soul is now before God who judges! May he pardon her!'

"They gave her to me with many cautions and entreaties; she was poor and unprotected, they said, but she had been used to kindness, and they charged me to be gentle with her. I loved them for their anxiety, though I could not but laugh at its needlessness.—Again letters from England—what a time to summon me back! They must wait awhile, and when I return I shall indeed bring them a treasure, to excuse my delay. How my mother will love her—and Ellenor too!—I fancy I see her, gliding into the little parlor at Woodholme with folded hands and head slightly drooping, and all looking upon her with doubt and wonder, as though on a visitant from some higher world. How sweetly will she learn domestic life among them! How happy will be my task in the training of her mind! * *

"*Sept. 2d.*—Hateful, oppressive, prosaic reality; just imagine living only that one may procure the means of life! Wearing away one's time in the incessant learning of languages, without once being permitted a glimpse at the literature for which languages were only created as vehicles! Always on the road—never resting! Yet this is what man—free, rational man must needs be in these miserable days, if he would be at all. The mere permission to exercise my powers of enjoyment—that is all I want, and that, it seems, is not to be achieved. Immortal souls, angelic capacities, illimitable desires, omnipotent intellects, be satisfied! A sum in arithmetic, a recipe in cookery, a contrivance for bodily comfort—these are the triumphs of your science, to these servilities must your genius stoop. Or else—the alternative is a simple one—you must die ignobly, and no man weep for you. No *man*—nevertheless there shall be tears shed upon your unregarded grave, each one of which is worthy having died to obtain. O my *Ida*—for you I can endure it all! To come down to plain English, I have barely money enough left to pay for our journey home—and then—what is to become of us? She looks brightly into my face and says, like a child, 'I know you will take care of me.' What care have I taken? Have I, indeed, been guilty towards her? No—it is that traitor circumstance, not I. * *

"*Oct. 2d.*—*Marseilles.*—It is all settled, I have no alternative; yet even now it does not seem like reality, and I pinch myself to discover whether I am dreaming or not. *India*—and without having

even seen my home once more! Ah, I never knew what it was to have a home till now that I carry it about with me! How little of real sympathy is there in the ordinary 'domestic happiness,' as it is called! For I do not call that sympathy which is only excited by feelings which it can understand, coincide with, and appreciate—this is an easy love truly, and may grow and flourish side by side with the worship of self. But that is a true sympathy which is warm, and constant, and delicate where it understands *not*, where it differs, where, perhaps, but for love, it would condemn. This is what the soul needs—tenderness for *its own peculiar* sufferings, pity for *its own peculiar* wants, care for *its own peculiar* tastes, satisfaction for *its own peculiar* appetites. Not a cool taking for granted that it is to have no sufferings, wants, tastes, or appetites, but such as have been foreseen for it, but such as its companions have, or are able to comprehend, and to agree in. This is true love—kindling not for the sake of the thing felt, but for the sake of the person who feels it; not vigilant of weakness, not greedy of proof, not argumentative, not jealous—but ever taking all that the beloved does, says, or thinks, *upon trust*, and believing that it is good till it shall be irrefragably proved to be bad; ever acquiescing in differences; ever accepting mysteries; ever ready if pain be given or dissatisfaction felt to suspect the cause to lie in itself; ever seeking to nourish the beloved on the aliment which he has chosen for himself, not on that which it esteems most palatable for him; whose impulse is to agree and approve, and who, if it refuse, or criticise, or censure, can only do so by doing violence to itself! How different is such a sympathy as this, from the chill and meagre *toleration* which is generally love's highest practical achievement, in cases where tastes and tempers are unlike by nature!

"My own gentle mother! Not one profane thought against your tenderness will I harbor—nor against yours, my sweet Ellenor! Why have you been taught to think ill of me? Nevertheless you love me still, and one day we shall meet again, and then perchance you will do me justice." * *

(An interval of four years.)

"*Belgaun, March 10.*—At length I am the father of a living child! I have held the little mystery in my arms, trembling lest I should breathe too strongly, and scare away the new, feeble, fragile life. Born too on my father's birthday! Surely this is a pledge of forgiveness and reconciliation. I must write to him; I may now venture to do so. In the presence of this little angel, all bitterness must be forgotten. Her eyes are as blue as two forget-me-nots. The nurse says they are the same shape as *Ida's*—I must go and compare them. May they be alike in everything, and then truly my daughter will be perfect in beauty, gentleness, and goodness. Oh happy, happy life!" * *

[*Note*] No further entry was ever made in this book, but the *Gazette* of the ensuing week contained the following notice:

"Died at Belgaun, March 10th, *Ida*, wife of Percy Lee, aged 20."

THE GENTLEMAN.—The following is from an address delivered by Bishop Doane, at Burlington College, New Jersey :—

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon a tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetite; a gentleman refines his taste; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech; a gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; regarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world."

"I AM IN THE WORLD ALONE."

LITTLE child!—I once was fondled as tenderly as you;

My silken ringlets tended, and mine eyes called lovely blue;

And sweet old songs were chanted at eve beside my bed,

Where angel guardians hovering their blessed influence shed.

I heard the sheep-bell tinkle around the lonely sheiling,

As the solemn shades of night o'er heather hills were stealing;

The music of the waterfall, in drowsy murmurs flowing,

Lulled me in half-waking dreams—bright fantasies bestowing.

My nursing ones to heaven are gone—

"And I am in the world alone."

Fair girl!—I had companions, and playmates kind and good,

And on the mossy knolls we played, where ivied ruins stood;

The mountain-ash adorned us oft, with coral berries rare,

While clear rejoicing streams we sought, to make our tiring there;

And on the turret's mouldering edge, as dames of high degree,

We sat enthroned in mimic state of bygone chivalry;

Or at the mystic twilight hour, within those arches gray,

We told each other wild sad tales of times long past away.

My early playmates all are flown—

"And I am in the world alone."

Gentle woman!—I was deemed as beautiful as you; My silken ringlets fondled, and mine eyes called

love's own blue;

And then my step was bounding, and my laugh was full of mirth,

Ah! I never thought of heaven, for my treasure was on earth;

But now my cheek is sunken, and mine eyes have lost their light—

The sunny hours have faded in a long and rayless night;

Not rayless—no!—for angels still their blessed influence shed,

And still the dreams of peace and love revisit oft my bed.

Of earthly treasures I have none—

"And I am in the world alone."

Chambers' Journal.

THE COMMON NETTLE.—One of the plants which follow the footsteps of man, and which often indicates by its presence the situations on which cottages stood in some of the now thinly-peopled or deserted Highland glens. Thus, while proprietors of the soil, in their desire to have the exclusive use of large tracts of country, whether for sheep or for deer, make clearances of Highland glens, and endeavor to get rid of all vestiges of the peasantry who inhabited them, and "lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth," there springs up in the wild waste a plant, which marks the cottage sites as hallowed ground, and tells of the deed to future generations. The occurrence of nettles in neglected gardens and fortresses was a subject of observation in times long gone by. Thus Solomon, when speaking of the field of the slothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, remarks that "nettles had covered the face thereof;" and the prophet Isaiah, when alluding to the desolation which shall come on the enemies of God's people, says, "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof."—*Bass Rock.*

HOMAGE TO HARVEY.—It is proposed, says the *Maidstone Journal*, to erect a monument to Dr. Harvey. As so many statues have been awarded to men whose celebrity rests on blood, one, at least, may be considered due to the discoverer of the circulation of that fluid.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—It has been suggested to our friend, Mr. Briefless, that his opinion would be very valuable on the question, whether a man who dies before he has settled with his creditors, may be considered to have shown an undue preference, in paying the debt of nature before his other liabilities?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 4th May, 1848.

It cannot be reported that, in respect to internal tranquillity or fair prospects, any real improvement in the situation of the capital or the country has taken place since the date of my last epistle. *Troubles in the Interior*, is the title, daily, of the largest division of each of the newspapers. About twenty of the principal cities have been theatres of sanguinary riots, and some of them, such as Limoges and Lyons, remain under the direct domination of the insurgents. As much blood was not spilt during the three days in Paris, as at Rouen last week: a provisional independent revolutionary government has installed itself at Limoges, levied upwards of seven hundred thousand francs on the inhabitants deemed rich, and issued a number of formal decrees as peremptory as those of the rulers here. At Marseilles—which experienced an outbreak of the mob—a formidable plot was discovered to burn the port. Law and police commissioners are now employed in investigating conspiracies against our provisional government, one of which included the blowing up of the Hotel de Ville with gunpowder accumulated in the vaults. Armed bodies of desperadoes, self-organized, and professing association or allegiance to clubs and journals alone, turn the regular national guards out of their posts in the principal public edifices, with impunity, at least, if not with final triumph.

In most parts of the country the elections have, however, been more orderly and satisfactory than could be expected. In several districts, where it pleased the extreme radicals to suppose that they were in the minority, the ballot-boxes were seized and the ballots destroyed. Yesterday the results of six hundred polls were known, and it is to be inferred that the national assembly will consist in the greater part of moderate republicans: some twenty or more of the ex-deputies of the gauche and centre-gauche have seats, and a more considerable number of legitimists succeeded, in a few instances by collusion, or log-rolling, with the most violent of the regenerators. But, as the *Journal des Débats* remarks, “*Nous ignorons l'esprit qui animera la majorité*,” we are ignorant how the majority will be disposed. Three hundred seats were already taken by members on the 2d instant, in the hall for the nine hundred. The galleries for the public being vast, and the danger of terrible confusion manifest, it is proposed in the *National* that, in each district of the capital, a certain number of tickets shall be distributed by lot, in rotation, and a share be reserved for strangers.

The clubs and journals styled the *exaltés*, now the infuriated, rail against the national assembly beforehand; they revolt even from their old idol-scheme, universal suffrage; their addresses, placards, calls to arms—“leading articles”—are so ferocious that the funds, which advanced under the hopes inspired by the elections, have receded before the general apprehension of a rising to disperse the assembly and establish a Jacobin dictatorship. It could fail, in all likelihood, as the national

guards on the side of the government are the strongest, and the troops would ally themselves faithfully with the guards. The condition, however, of the orderly people and the present authorities resembles that of a block or farm-house well guarded, but surrounded with Indians or famished wolves watching an opportunity of assault. If the assembly be patriotic, judicious, and resolute, doubtless they will not lack the means of creating at once a strong government for the maintenance of order; and a speedy street-conflict, on a large scale, might prove a final triumph. The combatants will give no quarters, on either hand. Every one who has anything, in possession or honest expectation, to lose, perceives that the legion of fiendish anarchy must be grappled with and beaten down, once for all; the hundreds of thousands of the guards and the garrison—now happily much augmented—are harassed to exasperation and the fiercest determination, by perpetual partial attacks and concerted alarms—the Jacobin tactics. This capital, having twice its population of 1791–2, and thrice the proportion of the lowest working classes and famishing *prolétaires*, is more dangerous—less manageable in a proper way—than at those periods of daily convulsion. Hundreds or thousands of reckless and penniless demagogues are incessantly active with their clans; and not a few men of some character and substance are impelled by an insane ambition into a league with the worst, either direct or oblique. In the provinces there is a strange vertiginous distemperature, without political incentive, of which the object seems to be sheer devastation. The socialists and communists are chiefly in the capital; these *doctrinaires* expound their panaceas to meetings which they call by advertisements at the exchange; the usual frequenters of that market detest, of course, the new-fangled reforms and the reformers. Two sentinels, armed with muskets, and with broad red sashes and liberty caps, parading before the gates of the hotel of the *Commune de Paris*, Sobrier's paper and garrison, formed a curious sight for me as I passed, on Friday last, No. 16 of the Rue de Rivoli, just opposite the Tuileries.

You will observe a decree, dated 27th ult., abolishing negro slavery in the French West Indies at the expiration of two months from that date. The following text explains the decision:—“Unless effective measures follow closely the proclamation already made of the principle of abolition, deplorable disorders may arise in the colonies.” You will have learnt whether they have been escaped. The decree prescribing a costume for the members of the national assembly has provoked copious ridicule and rebuke: black coats, black pantaloons, waistcoats with white lappels, fantastic sashes, are enjoined, upon the axiom of equality. It is asked how the four bishops elected, and Father Lacordaire, the celebrated Dominican friar, are to manage, and whether the principle of liberty might not have been consulted as to dress. We have another decree, dated 1st instant, with the title—“Provisional Constitution of the National As-

sembly." The 22nd article runs thus:—"The president rises, and pronounces these words:—'Representatives of the people, in the name of the republic, one and indivisible, the national assembly is definitively constituted.'" It may be best if the assembly should, in this way, at once proclaim a republic. The legitimists mean to contend that the term does not exclude the adoption of a hereditary chief. An American gentleman of my acquaintance has related to me the following anecdote. A worthy woman long exhibited *Punch* and *Judy* in the *Champs Elysées*, and he became known to her by frequent visits with his grandchildren. A mob, after forcing her to go through her performances six times, for their amusement, while they took their places successively, demolished her whole theatre and the *dramatis personæ*, and, enormity of all! killed her accomplished cat, her chief auxiliary. A fortnight subsequently, she went to my friend to inquire whether she could succeed with a similar exhibition in his country, and get a little money by it on the passage. He gave her an encouraging answer. "But," she added, "have you a good *king* there?" "No, we are republicans." "Oh, then, I'll not go—no indeed." She left him, quite cured of her project. Hitherto, the French republic has been a simple negation of monarchy, with arbitrary rule of popular license. The conservative journals say to the assembly, "Let us first solve the question of common safety; the existence of society is menaced. Everybody asks, will to-morrow be ours." The *National* tells the assembly that it must at once organize a democracy, political and social, to remove the doubts of republican France, and the pretexts of the anarchical factions.

A decree issued on the first inst. merges the ten departmental banks into the Bank of France. They become mere branches. The maximum of emissions is now fixed at four hundred and fifty-two millions of francs. The notes of one departmental bank were not current elsewhere. This amalgamation is a national benefit, on the whole. The mother bank announces that it discounts in Paris mercantile obligations and drafts on the cities in which the new branches are located. The report of the minister of France, on the subject, (*Moniteur* of the 2nd instant,) is a singular document. He states that the *consent* of all the ten banks was obtained, and that the distinct discount offices established by the government "*democratize credit by substituting the tutelary impartiality of public power to the selfish counsels of individual power.*" The government is to nominate the president and the directors of the now sole public Bank of France; and besides, by means of "inspectors of the finances," it has gained the right, which it had not before, of keeping constantly an open eye on the administration of the bank. It has just borrowed from the institution, fifteen millions of francs for the army of the Alps.

The *Journal des Débats*, of this day, observes, "The two months which we have just passed, were very agitated and very painful. We seem to be in port with the national as-

sembly; and yet the public mind is not calm nor easy." Some fifty thousand persons visited the hall of the assembly yesterday. Four hundred of the members met in the hall of conference. Lists of candidates for the executive stations of the assembly—president, vice-presidents, secretaries, and questors—were circulated. Those of Lamartine's party, the moderates, seemed to have the general preference. The questorship, being a lucrative office, is sought by numbers. All the clubs of Lyons (aggregate of members, twelve thousand) have protested against the elections in their departments as aristocratic, and so forth. Lamartine has to choose between the *ten* seats to which he has been elected. His majorities are double those of any other candidate. The provisional government, about to resign its trust to the national assembly, has put forth its final proclamation to the people, giving thanks for the support and favor which it has enjoyed, and preaching order and fraternity. The assembly must at once reinstate it, or appoint ministers for the several executive departments. An energetic, comprehensive administration is indispensable. A proclamation of the prefect of police threatens the anarchists, in reference to the public security, this day; he alludes to plots and traitors of their school. The Hotel de Ville is again guarded by a very large force; all the national guards and the garrison have instructions for battle-array at the first signal. It is resolved that the assembly shall be inaugurated, at all events.

The list of journals established since the 24th February last is one hundred and seventeen. How they live, or expect to live, is a mystery. It was a puzzle yesterday whom to authorize to sit in the boxes designed for reporters and editors. Madame Niboyet, *rédactrice en chef* of the *Voice of Women*, was among the most clamorous for a ticket of general admission; she was rejected. Reporters from London, Brussels, and Geneva, presented themselves—few succeeded.

No article of the journals of this day is more interesting than the draft of the "fundamental law of the Germanic empire," coming from the grand committee of the late convention. It is a national and federal system, upon the cardinal maxims of republican freedom. An "hereditary Emperor of Germany" is the head—the supreme chief; with two chambers; the second wholly elective; the first, or senate, partly so, but to include the reigning princes of Germany or their proxies for life; counsellors of state, and other functionaries, *ex officio*; the deputies to be elected for six years, one for every hundred thousand souls. Our French legitimists will rejoice in the example of a mighty German republic, with an hereditary emperor and princely senators; for the present they may, however, in the homely phrase, hang up their fiddle. At the moment of the meeting of our national assembly, this day, salutes of the artillery of the Hotel des Invalides, and of parks planted in the Champ de Mars, are to notify the event; all the national guards and troops stationed in the streets and on the boulevards will immediately perform evolutions

and salutes. The cry of *Vive la republique!* is to rend the skies.

Our latest intelligence from Italy is, that all the corps of the army of Piedmont were in full march, on the 27th ult., to attack the Austrians in their entrenched positions at Verona. The head-quarters of King Charles Albert were at a league and a half from Somma-Campagna. The sovereign of Naples resists his dethronement in Sicily. The Polish patriots have been overcome in Galicia and in the Duchy of Posen. The Sublime Porte trembles for several of his provinces. Mehemet Ali is near his exit from the world. Ibrahim Pacha, who holds the provisional rule of Egypt, is the safer for the confusion in Europe. Austria has closed her diplomatic relations here, with the French government. Count d'Appony wished to know what the army of the Alps meant. Sober Frenchmen heartily wish for the speedy triumph of the Italians, to save their country from being involved in the struggle. It is affirmed that the price of wheat has never perhaps been so low in France as at present, and the prospects of the new crops are very good. The Academy of Sciences is engaged with the accounts of the discovery of a new star and a new planet; one, by an astronomer in Ireland; the other in England. Berryer, the orator and legitimist leader, has a seat in the assembly; Thiers, the historian of the former revolution, failed with his old constituents. The vast hall abounds with the inscription, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. On the tribune or rostrum are the figures, 22, 23, 24, February. In general, simplicity has been observed; it appears to me that the members at the sides and extremities will scarcely be able to hear the speakers. There is absolute frenzy in the threats and imprecations of several of the Jacobin oracles this morning. It is understood, however, that they have adjourned their demonstration in the streets. The translations which I enclose, of articles of the higher journals, will be suitable instructions for your readers. If I have scribbled incoherently, you must blame the bustle of this hour (1 o'clock) which is "to commence the transformation of the universe," by the union of the French representatives.

[We insert, out of chronological order, the following letter, which was sent by a sailing vessel, and has just reached us. It should be read after the letter in No. 209.]

Paris, 17th April, 1848.

My latest missive bears date the 13th inst., and will reach you by the Liverpool steamer of the 15th, if the storm of the night did not prevent the Paris mail from crossing the channel. As we are informed that the steamer United States will depart from Southampton on the 20th inst., there is time for a few more cursory pages.

Sensation at the highest pitch may truly be called the order of the day in this capital. You can scarcely expect me to be coherent, or even lucid, in the midst of the turmoil. There has been, moreover, a monotony of disorder, which may occasion a surfeit of the tale. The day before yester-

day, I read in the number just issued, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "A universal sadness envelopes and darkens all France. We could wish something to lean upon, but all is wanting; there is no *point d'appui*. What can remedy the suspension of labor, and the disappearance of capital! There is not a single *atelier* (work-place) in the metropolis in which the master ventures to command, or the operative consents to obey. All artificial organization of labor is sterile and ephemeral; but the chairman of the commission for it, at the Luxembourg, having an army or horde behind him, rules the provisional government; there is a new aristocracy, that of the *blouse* or over-shirt; a new privilege of *birth*—the lowest; we are to have a *maximum* for prices, and a *minimum* for wages; the very national guard, the citizens or bourgeois, who helped or suffered the lower orders to conquer, are now set aside or trampled under foot; all the relations, conditions, and habits of labor are entirely reversed; the state or government is to be substituted, in every case, for individual or personal enterprise, which implies a more absolute, arbitrary, and pervading despotism, than human society has hitherto known, except, perhaps, in Egypt. *Salus populi suprema lex* is the only recognized law, and this is to be interpreted at will and from notion, by two or three hundred commissaries and more clubs. In the elections, the nation is to be prompted and coerced for the choice, exclusively, of the avowed republicans of the day before the revolution, who form an exceedingly small minority. A new scheme of taxation is the true task, the only expedient, for relieving the masses brought into extreme penury, but the treasury needs every present resource; it cannot await the distant advantages of reduced imposts, particularly as consumption so sensibly decreases; fiscal ingenuity, for regular levies, is exhausted; our managers are like commanders or navigators, with a mutinous crew, on a tempestuous ocean, without compass or rudder." More dismal descriptions still abounded in the newspapers; the agitating radical journals reported various and formidable counter-revolutionary conspiracies, to be baffled by desperate revolutionary measures of vigor and rigor. This morning we all breathe more freely—the horizon is proclaimed to have been absolutely brightened by the events of yesterday, Palm Sunday. Saturday evening, the gloom was blacker than ever; at the opening of the Exchange, a *white* placard (the government color) on its walls drew the earnest attention of stock-dealers and traders, and nearly stopped all respiration; it was a bulletin (No. 16) from the ministry of the interior, as violent as any menacing edict of the Jacobin club, or committee of public safety, of yore; it denounced civil war, oracularly, in the direst strain, as you will see in the copy which I send you: the same was placarded in the afternoon all over the capital. Besides, it came to be generally known that very many thousands of the populace, according to a plot of the *communist* leaders, were to gather on the Champ de Mars,

march thence to the Hotel de Ville, and proclaim the deposition of the provisional government.

I entertained, before, no doubt that the attempt would be soon made, from the tenor of the conversation which Cabet, head of the communists, held with me last week. Yesterday morning, the journals were eagerly seized to ascertain whether the bulletin (No. 16) would be acknowledged or fathered by the government, or by Ledru-Rollin, the minister of the interior, himself. It bears intrinsic evidence of his paternity. It was excluded from the *Moniteur* and all the semi-official journals; the old or ex-dynastic journals furnished it, with the severest commentaries; they treated it as the knell of all French freedom and welfare. But the citizens generally were roused and exasperated at this *ukase*, and the project of the communists; the call to arms, by the drum, began about eleven o'clock, when some twenty or thirty thousand of the workmen and loose blackguards had already gathered in the Champ de Mars. The turn-out of both the old and the new national guards was marvellous for promptitude, spirit and numbers; the law and medical and other students, and particularly the Polytechnic school, hastened to the Hotel de Ville, which the government had fortified and garrisoned, as well as several of the great ministerial hotels. It soon appeared that the universal object and resolve was to support the government against the plot. Even the national guards of the *banlieue* (environs) lost not a moment in repairing to the head-quarters, for the same purpose. For most of the details, I must refer you to the enclosed newspaper accounts.

Lamartine first harangued the schools, and told them of the communist design of supplanting the provisional government by a *committee of public safety*, more energetic and destructive than the old; he asserted that though, in the provisional government, some diversity of opinion on administrative matters existed, the members were *politically* unanimous, and chiefly anxious to deliver their trust inviolate to the national assembly. The estimate of the numbers, in this manifestation for the government, is from two hundred to three hundred thousand, nearly all *armed*. A witness says—"The place or square of the Hotel de Ville was a forest of bayonets;" another relates that the defiling before the commanders of the national guards, which commenced at three o'clock, was not over at half past ten o'clock at night; a member of the government exclaimed—"We can now count on a hundred and fifty thousand *intelligent* bayonets." The cry of the myriads was—"Down with the communists! Cabet to Charenton! (the lunatic asylum;) Vive le gouvernement provisoire!" The procession from the Champ de Mars cut a sorry figure; when detachments of the guards, of both descriptions, broke in upon the convocation, with firm countenance and tone, the plotters saw the abortion of their enterprise; they affected to be engaged only with the election of certain officers and representatives of the trades, and willingly *fraternized* with the intruders. It proved

for the communists and their mob an affair nearly resembling that of the chartists in London. The procession had dwindled to some fifteen thousand before it reached the Hotel de Ville, into which a few of its deputies were admitted with money in a basket as an offering to the provisional government! The thanks returned by a secondary functionary were brief and dry. Ledru-Rollin, the Jupiter Tonans, wrapped in clouds (his bulletins)—as the opposition or criticising editors designate this ominous minister—did not show himself at the Hotel de Ville. This morning, the 16th bulletin is disavowed for him. A story is told of the absence of the *chef de bureau* charged with the examination and fate of such documents; of its having passed without notice, owing to that circumstance; of the ministers having at once countermanded the transmission of it by the mails—alas! however, too late: it has travelled to all the provinces, and either answered its purpose, intimidation, or begotten fresh disaffection and disturbances.

The organs of the moderate members of the government, and the other journals averse to anarchy and pillage, expatiate rapturously on the "magnificent sally," *élan magnifique*, of the true people; both claim it as a decisive victory for social order; and the latter admonish the government that being now indisputably strong, it may abstain from further concessions to mob and club dictates. In truth, it has hitherto seemed to think that it could subsist only by flattering, promising, coaxing, expostulating, exhorting, demolishing—decreeing anything and everything accordant with popular prepossessions and sensibilities, and ultra-democratic aspirations and doctrines. One consequence of the manifestation is diffusively noted;—some freedom is thought to be obtained for the elections; some chance of security for the national assembly.

In the evening, I was at St. Germain-en-Laye, and went between nine and ten to the barracks. There the fine regiment of huzzars was foot in stirrup, awaiting orders from the minister of war to gallop into Paris. Several of the men were overheard to remark that they would administer a proper lesson to the blackguards who slaughtered the gallant municipal troopers on the 23d and 24th February. This feeling is found to prevail with the cavalry, but not with the infantry; they are, however, of the same origin. It is suggested that the anarchical party will give false alarms, with the hope of tiring out the national guards; these are multitudinous enough to divide their force, and the police department has formed a little army, including *gardiens de sûreté*, a corps on the model of the London constabulary. Besides, the provisional government may "take courage" and introduce a few artillery regiments and a pretty strong array of cuirassiers. Arago did not appear yesterday, until late, at the Hotel de Ville, because the question of ordering the irruption of the troops garrisoned or billeted in the neighborhood of Paris, required his constant presence at the hotel of the war department. When a battalion of the regular

infantry brought from ——— reached the *Barrière de l'Enfer*, a mob was ready at the gate to prohibit entrance. The colonel temperately insisted; then drew out his watch and said to the blockaders—In five minutes, I shall order the *pas de charge* if you do not give way; the soldiery fired and pointed their bayonets, the word was given from the watch, and the multitude fled on every side as the first ranks pushed onward. A relative of Madame Lamartine who came, a few days ago, from England on a visit to her, has just mentioned to a member of my family, that he unexpectedly found himself in a fortress at the minister's residence. Authentic intimation had been received that Lamartine was to be thrown into the Seine.

Last week, Auguste Blanqui, brother of the eminent author and professor of political economy, issued a manifesto against the provisional government, upon the effects of which with the populace considerable stress was laid. He was carried in triumph by his club, and deemed the soul of substituting project. This man signalized himself as a leader of the street-insurrection of the 12th May, 1839, and underwent the sentence of the court of peers, in close confinement in a central prison. He was enlarged, with all the other political prisoners, after the expulsion of Louis Philippe. He has been for fifteen years a manager of conspiracies, a phrenetical Jacobin worthy of the years 1791—2. He relates in his manifesto—"I reached Paris on the 25th, crazy with joy at the triumph of the day before. But what an icy reception I had from the new masters, the provisional government! You would have thought that a portentous spectre suddenly stood before them. Whom did they look upon with an eye of dread and aversion? I understood it; it was the detested contriver of the 12th May, but really the clear-sighted, firm patriot, of whom they could not make either a coadjutor or a dupe in tricking us out of the revolution." Thus the provisional government has undergone the resurrection of many Marats and Couthons, more appalling for them than that of an army of Carlists or Orleanists. Lamartine, by this time, may regret his glorification of the Robespierres and Dantons in his famous and too eloquent history. The disciples of the *Mountain* the fanatics doubly heated by his own pages—the incubators of his own principles of *socialism*—whom he has now to propitiate or keep at bay, daily, by one device or other, form for him a hideous concourse, perplexing and distressing to the utmost his fund of rational patriotism and complexional benevolence. Blanqui boasts that he lives in a garret on ten cents the day, and walks the streets in rags, and seems to relish the following portraiture of his illustrious self, drawn from the police office. "Esprit sombre, altier, farouche, atrabilaire, sarcastique, ambition immense, froide, inexorable, brisant les hommes sans pitié pour en paver sa route. Cœur de marbre, tête de fer." I introduce this man, particularly, because he may yet stand on an eminence. The government committee of gifts and offerings have despatched into the

interior a hundred thousand copies of a circular, soliciting contributions from the thirty-seven thousand *communes* or townships of France; they are sent, likewise, to the army, the navy, and the clergy. All the offerings at our Hotel de Ville do not amount to more than double the expenditure of each day on the *national* workmen. It is calculated that the commissaries of the republic, in the departments, receive as salary, in the aggregate, 203,400fr. per month—a new civil list. A decree of the 15th inst. abolishes the duty on salt, from and *after the 1st of January next*, and raises, from the same period, the prohibition on foreign salt, which is to pay a duty, coming by sea under the French flag, of two *sous* every 200 lbs., and two *francs* if under a foreign flag. The treasury cannot spare the tax in the interval.

The numerous female clubs of Lyons have petitioned for the right of suffrage. In one of the principal female seminaries, a branch of the *Sacré Cœur*, in the interior, the pupils revolted, locked up their mistresses and *gouvernantes*, and went forth arm in arm on their travels. The first procession which we saw in Paris on Wednesday last, was one of about a thousand washerwomen, with banners, bound to the Hotel de Ville to ask a decree of higher prices for their work. Among the best of the new caricatures is an assemblage of sturdy citizens in working costume, who represent to the minister of justice that they are honest, industrious mechanics, who pay their taxes, and who venture to think that wives should remain in some measure subject to their husbands *even* in a republic; in the background is a menacing phalanx of their ribs. Another caricature exhibits a *gamin* observing to a corporal—"Ah, you are all to be marshals of France now, and *reciprocally*."

Lord Brougham's application for French citizenship, (see my extracts,) and the repulse, afford matter for what is extremely rare at present, in the newspapers—pleasantry. Crémieux, the minister of justice, is a little of a wag, and smacked in dubbing the ex-chancellor and vain-glorious peer of England—citizen Brougham. His lordship has exposed himself to universal contempt. Were it any other man's case, the effect would be overwhelming, but he has the hide of a rhinoceros. He, I believe, is the first public character of any mark, who has ventured to rail at Pius IX.: his foul imputation of cowardice to the King of Sardinia is at once refuted by that monarch's recent successes over the Austrian army. He was on tiptoe to jump into the national assembly, in order to frame a constitution for France. We might opine that he would not have found five colleagues who had ever heard of his disquisitions on politics, nor less than two or three hundred with elaborate drafts—each his breast pockets stuffed. It is not exaggeration, for me to reckon at fifty or more, the printed schemes, which I have handled in the bookstores, or of which I have read the titles at the windows—most of them whimsical, or strangely intricate. Extracting sunbeams from cu-

cumbers is quite a lucid conception, compared with the new methods of realizing unprecedented felicity and glory for France. Swift's congregation of projectors is small and timid by the side of the present host of excogitating visionaries. Half the literary employment of the day is organic speculation, and, to use a French phrase not easily rendered, *dérailonner à qui mieux mieux*. The journal *La Liberté*, a new influential organ, proclaims a consolidated republic, with, *at the most*, a tribunate or council of state to prepare laws, and one or more executive chiefs. The title *President*, it is old and worn; Directory, would be an uncomfortable reminiscence; Consul, might do, but there are disagreeable recollections connected with it—words are things. France is more martial than commercial; she is destined to be for several years a vast civilized camp: we must take care not to give her names and forms too *bourgeois* or vulgar.

18th April, 1848.

I have just glanced at most of the morning papers. Here are some of the principal "items of intelligence." The staff of the army has undergone a first sifting; a hundred generals, colonels, and lieutenant colonels, are "admitted to retire." The leading decree in the *Moniteur* declares that the *inamovibilité* (life tenure) of the judiciary is incompatible with republican government; therefore, until the national assembly shall pronounce on a new judicial organization, the suspension or dismissal of judges and magistrates may be decided by the minister of justice, as a measure of public concern. Accordingly, five first presidents, or chief justices of superior courts, are suspended at once. The prosecution of three or four of the leaders of the plot of the 16th ult. is ordered, and information on the affair requested from all who can furnish any. The 20th inst., fixed for the monster federation in the Champ de Mars, is declared a universal holiday; all the public establishments are to be closed. It is to be "the grandest republic solemnity" ever accomplished; the *programme* defies all parallel. The *National* of to-day says—"The manifestation of the 16th April was the corollary and consecration of that of the 17th March. It guarantees a republic in the broadest latitude—a complete social regeneration. There shall be neither regency nor anarchy; the mould of the old governments is broken; the whole system of religious, aristocratic and monarchical ideas, which descended from the middle ages, is to be replaced." *La Presse* exults in the confidence which the manifestation of the 16th revived in the streets, on the exchange, and in the salons; it testifies that every citizen is now asking for arms, and eager to be of the national guard. "Not so fast," observes the *Courrier Français*, an able organ of Ledru-Rollin—"we greatly fear, that in giving vent to over-obstreperous rejoicing—that, in proclaiming with such elation a

victory, which, after all, was not one—you are exciting vehement passions and bitter resentments. There was no real danger for the government. It would be a gross mistake, to infer that Paris will suffer any other constitution than a republic. If the provinces send representatives disposed to reaction or monarchy, we shall quickly see a change of feeling, and a movement among the Parisians; there may be bloody collisions; there can be no reliable order and peace until the old parties have renounced their last particle of hope." Berryer, the splendid orator, comes forward as a candidate for the national assembly, acknowledging that the "new revolution has not made a new man" of him; he always preferred hereditary monarchy, but will exert himself for the weal of the million. Citizens Louis Blanc and Albert, members of the provisional government, have put forth, with their signatures, a plan for assuring the election of twenty of the working men, out of the thirty-four representatives in the assembly, allotted to the department of the Seine. The *National* contains a curious confidential letter of Leopold, King of Belgium, to Louis Philippe, dated 29th February, 1836. It shows that Leopold was intensely monarchical, very hostile to the French parties of the left, and the left centre, to Thiers in particular, and anxious that his dear father-in-law should keep as tight a conservative and royal rein as possible. A member of the provisional government stated yesterday, in answer to an address, that there are now registered seventy thousand laborers, for whom the government is to furnish food and work. The assemblage of the 16th, on the *Champ de Mars*, carried, by deputation, yesterday, an address to the Hotel de Ville, in which they disclaim the charge of an intention to subvert the government, adding that if they had entertained such a design, they could as easily have collected two hundred thousand as one hundred thousand men.

We read of a revolution at Belgrade; the Turks have been driven out, and Walachia proclaimed free; of revolutionary pretensions in the Ionian islands; of a change of ministry (to liberalism) in Portugal; of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Sardinia and Switzerland; of the reduction of Verona by the Lombards; of Danish victories, in sanguinary conflicts, in the Duchy of Schleswig; of German projects and resolves for the resuscitation of Poland, and the independence of both duchies invaded by Denmark, &c.

THE HANDSOME THING.—The Emperor of Russia promises to behave with the strictest decorum towards France, if France remains quiet towards Russia. The times are changed. There was a period when Nicholas would have run unmuzzled at the republic; but now—like the bear of Goldsmith's showman—Nicholas will only take steps "to the genteelst of tunes."

PERSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

Or all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.